A. R. Mitchell

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

DEVOTED TO THE SPORTS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE, THE ANGLER, THE HUNTER—NEWS, LITERATURE, FASHION, TASTE, THE DRAMA, AND THE SCENES OF REAL LIFE.

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TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

We find in our last number of Blackwood the continuation of this spirited and unique "Sailor's Journal," a part of which we have transferred to our columns. To those who have read a portion of "Tom's Log," we need not commend the perusal of our present extract,—those who have not will find the whole a racy and highly wrought story, possessing deep interest, and the most graphic delineations of manners and character.

We shall probably continue to give extracts from this humorous and diverting tale until the deep gloom now overhanging our whole country shall have passed away, and our fellow citizens shall have resumed the enjoyment of their usual sports and amusements. The festivities of the season are few and dull, and Sporting Intelligence limited in extent and interest—but with the means of gracing our columns with the gay wit and sparkling humor of Tom Cringle's Log, we shall not despair of smoothly passing the present inauspicious period of sadness and inactivity.

SPECIMEN OF TYPE.

We have just received a beautiful volume, very elegantly bound, which at first sight gave such token of being a most interesting work, that we greedily seized upon the dainty looking morsel of literature, and was about congratulating ourselves on the lucky godsend, when on opening the pages we found it contained specimens of Type and Ornaments, a book not to be read but looked at—not to be criticised but admired. This Book is got up in a very expensive manner, by JAMES CONNER, and is intended for distribution among his "Typographical Brethren," as a book of Specimens from his "Type and Stereotype Foundry, corner of Nassau and Ann-streets, New-York." It gives us pleasure thus to notice this very elegant volume, and we can recommend to "the trade," the excellence of the material which its pages so neatly represent, having obtained our founts from this Foundry.

THE LATEST PREVENTIVE.

Dr. A. PLANTOU, of Philadelphia, late Surgeon and Dentist, of the Faculty of Paris, called on us last week, and submitted to our notice, a pamphlet on the CHOLERA, written by himself, in which he prescribes for the "Neutralization and arrest of the poisonous effects of Miasmata, when absorbed by the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels." Dr. P. several years since, was a resident of Guadaloupe, when the Yellow Fever was at its height, and from a familiar acquaintance with the disease, he in 1822, wrote very successfully on the causes and its cure. The justness and clearness of his views on this topic, certainly entitle him to a favorable reception on the subject of the Cholera, on which the pamphlet before us treats at some length. He solicits the public authorities of the principal cities of each State, to appoint a respectable agent in his name, who will receive and circulate his pamphlet, which in this city may be had on application at Mr. Long's Bookstore, 161 Broadway.

Dr. Plantou's remedies for the Cholera, are castor oil, sweet oil or melted lard, and pulverised charcoal, a prescription resembling very nearly that of Dr. Hayes, which our readers will recollect was used with such signal success at Montreal. Mr. Milhau, druggist and apothecary, 183 Broadway, is the agent for Dr. P.'s Prepared Charcoal, in the city and state of New-York.

MODERN MEDICINE CHEST.—The various condiments contained in the fashionable castor of the dinner table, has been found all sufficient for the cure of the Cholera. Puf the mustard *on* your stomach,—the pepper *in* your stomach,—the vinegar and Cayenne rubbed *over* your extremities,—the salt injected *into* your veins,—not forgetting the oil as an aperient, and the pepper sauce as a stimulant. Verily, the mystic and sublime art of Galen is becoming suited to the simplicity of republicans, and we may shortly expect to see the sophisticated and disputatious M. D.'s of our city harmoniously trotting through the streets with a burnished castor in either hand.

A LONDON FOP.—According to the Traveller, which is presumed to be *an fait* in these matters, the most necessary qualifications of a London fop, are—to be lame, wall-eyed, and crick-necked; his education should be modelled on that of a bully, and in short the more ridiculous he can make himself in manner and appearance, the more likely he is of being emulated by his tribe and of arriving at the climax of fashion.

LATEST FROM CALVIN EDSON.—From the Spectator published at Newport, N. H. of the 11th inst., we learn that *Calvin* is *running an opposition* to the Theatre, Caravan, Wax-works, and Travelling Museum, at the present time, astonishing the natives of that pleasant little village.

HOW TO CATCH A LETTER WRITER.—A fact which *never occurred* was lately introduced into a summary of French news by an editor in the renowned city of Gotham. In twenty-four hours afterwards the same fact was embodied in a "Private Correspondence from Paris," in another paper as large as life!—*Gazette.*

USE THE ROD.—A writer in one of the northern papers on school-discipline, says, "without a liberal use of the rod, it is impossible even to make boys *smart.*

A GREAT SLAUGHTER OF RATS.—In Frederick county last fall, on the removal of a stack of rye, a farmer with his people, well armed, and dogs in attendance, killed *two hundred and seventeen full grown Norway rats!!!* A neighbour who was passing, was invited to join in the onslaught, and says that only three escaped the general havoc, accomplished by the use of sticks, stones, feet, dogs, &c.—*Sport. Mag.*

From the Courier.

POETS AND POETRY.—Byron is dead—Scott is on his last sheet, and his last legs—Percival is silent—the poets of the Post are turned politicians and cholera doctors—but we have at last a poetic star rising over our horizon. Our old, good, friend Alderman Lang in his old age has struck upon a rich poetic vein. Read the following:

From the Gazette.

RESUSCITATION.—We noticed on Saturday that the business of the city had put on a new aspect the day before; and we date Friday as the commencement of commercial pursuits, after an interval of a long and tedious month. It was delightful on Monday and Tuesday to witness the presage of future mercantile operations. Every thing in the present fine weather, wears the appearance of life and activity. Stores, long shut, are open; horses and carriages, weeks out of sight, are seen in all directions; faces, which have not greeted us with smiles for many a day, are cheering us on allsides; Broadway assumes a new aspect; ladies and gentlemen are promenading as in the days of "Auld Lang Syne," and every thing looks "right well"—even our old friend of the Bowery

Has now returned since Cholera's fled,
For, from the FRIGHT he is not dead.

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

London Chit-chat for June.....Varieties.

Public places have been overflowing; *currents* have been more plentiful than peas; students poring over their books have been poured over in their turn; the thirstiest sot has not been able to keep himself dry: and Whitsuntide, whenever it has been named, has been universally allowed to be an error of the press for *Wetsuntide*; nay, the whole business of the season is an anomaly; the fair in old *Penn's* Gardens for the benefit of the Charing-Cross Hospital was held for a week without one fair day out of the seven. Coming away from this said fair, I found myself *minus* a gold repeater, neck-chain, and seals.

Considering my cunning contrivance to outwit my antagonist, and the mode I took to secure my property, it might be fairly said of *me* and my watch, that the *biter* was *bitten*. What do you think of Epsom races this year? A vast deal of money has changed hands, a circumstance of considerable importance to the Legs. Crocky won his cast, and Ryshale nets thirty thousand pounds. As Lord Derby said, "That sounds decently fine, but where's the money to come from?" It seems strange, but the settling Tuesday passed off without much hobbling and with no running at all.

Poor Lady Errol had nigh met with an unpleasant accident. The steps of the stand were so slippery that nobody could stand who attempted to step; and her ladyship missing her footing, slid down several of the stairs; luckily without serious mischief, except causing a *stare* from all the crowd. The *miss-footing* system (involving as it sometimes does, a *faux pas*,) never succeeds, except indeed as it has succeeded in the case of the lovely Lady Harrington.

This case brings me to the stage. Robert the Devil, at the Opera House, on the first representation did not begin until past nine o'clock; indeed the first representation there was one on the part of Mr. Monk Mason, that they could not get all things ready for the performance sooner. Thus, it appears that it is not so easy to play the devil in a theatre as some people imagine. Mr. Mason has a most difficult task, I fear.

I wish the opera dancers would wear longer petticoats, or rather that they would wear some petticoats; at present they put nothing on but stays with a valance round them. The he dancers wear a sort of petticoat, which is infinitely more agreeable than those things which Hook, in one of his attacks upon the players, calls "white tights." But, then, again, a huge porter-looking fellow, with his neck all open and a frill like a boarding school Miss. I have no objection, according to the proverb, to take "the *ruff* with the *smooth*," but boddices and a beard together are not to my taste. I think all this wants reforming.

La Porte is about to take Covent Garden Theatre, but hesitates until he shall know what is to happen amongst the minors. We should certainly advise our Anglo-gallic friend to look well about him, and get good certainty of the privileges of the patent before we say to him confidently, "Ouvrez La Porte."

"I have been reading Captain Mundy's Journal of a Tour in India, and I recommend it as a most amusing, intelligent performance. The plates are admirable. By the bye, what an inconsistent world of humbug this is! It appears that the East India Company not only obtain a revenue of £15,000 per annum from the temple of Juggarnaut, but that it agrees to keep in repair, and adorn with silks and broad cloths, this enormous log of wood, this brutul pagan idol! and to support for the private use of this graven image a stud of elephants and horses!!! And this is permitted! winked at, and not taken up by the saints and holy men who make such a fuss about Negro emancipation! Oh, humbug! humbug! how long art thou to reign in this unhappy land? Who cannot in this instance at once perceive the hypocrisy of the saints and the worldly-mindedness of the hierarchy?

That was a grand display at Rothschild's—Belshazzar's feast! You might have imagined, as you surveyed the costly and ponderous vases of gold, the profusion of glittering metal, the gorgeousness of wealth, that it was indeed the plunder of the holy temple. The company were a part of the grand whole, and as typical of "pounds, shillings and pence." By-the-bye, was not our dear duchess, as the Age denominates her, in very high spirits that evening? By way of a curious simile, A—— remarked that with her flushed face and arms, and her splendid jewels, she reminded him of the piece of raw beef recovered by Sinbad the sailor, from the valley of diamonds.

The most splendid fete of the season was given the other day by his Grace the Duke of Somerset. The ladies St. Maur have been very unfortunate in their weather on most of their fetes; it would appear as if the angels above are jealous of them, and were determined that they should not create such a sensation down below. However, yesterday, although they threatened very seriously during the forenoon, they resigned the contest at last, and a more beautiful day for such a fete never was selected. His Majesty looked well, and we observed him walk up a hill with a degree of firmness that promises many years of (we trust) a happy and prosperous reign, notwithstanding that people do throw stones at his head as a proof of their gratitude!

SEARCH AFTER WISDOM.—In one of the imperial towns in Germany it is customary to address the Mayor as "Your Wisdom." A party who had consumed hour after hour in a bootless chace after the sapient functionary, having at last fallen in with him, very innocently hailed him, ejaculating, "I have been rummaging every nook and corner the whole day long, but deuce a bit could I find out *your wisdom.*"

CANDOUR.—The manager of one of the Theatres at Vienna yielded to the solicitation and importunity of court friends, and permitted a young lady to make her *debût* as a singer, who had the mortification to be hissed off. Not a little annoyed, the manager rushed hastily before the curtain and addressed the audience in a stentorian voice with this brief question—"Gentlemen and ladies, don't you like her?" "No" was the reply from all parts of the house. "Neither do I," added the manager, and disappeared amidst roars of laughter.

LA SOMNAMBULE.—An odd story is told of a certain lady, moving in the circles of the highest *ton*, having procured the key of the garden-gate of a great mansion, under the plea that, as she was a near neighbor, she wished to enjoy the fresh morning air among the plants and flowers. In the morning, however, she was found in deshabille near the dormitory of the Bachelor Peer, and she was obliged to confess that she was addicted to *walking in her sleep!!!*

A gentleman, ten years younger than the lady, who is now at that autumnal period when it is observed pears are sometimes sweetest, said at cards, "I believe you intend to lead a heart;" "I certainly did so," replied the lady, with a significant look; "and can only say in answer, that my heart is not lead."

There have been various meetings during the week, between the Lessees of the two Metropolitan Theatres, on the subject of a junction of the two companies, by which, if carried into effect, each house will have the advantage of having the chief dramatic talent of the town in every new and every old drama.

Mr. Sheridan Knowles has been specially invited by the most respectable inhabitants at Glasgow, to perform in the Theatre Royal in that town. This gentleman will make his appearance in his own play of the "Hunchback," on the 20th inst.

Charles Kemble and Miss Fanny Kemble will perform in Sheridan Knowles' Play of the "Hunchback," in the Edinburgh Theatre, on the 2d of July. From Edinburgh, they intend to visit Glasgow, where they will act a limited number of nights, and from thence proceed to Liverpool, and at the conclusion of their engagement with Mr. Lewis, the proprietor of the Theatre Royal, they will sail for the United States.

The man who hit the King at Ascot, on Tuesday week, Dennis Collins, was on Wednesday last brought up for final examination, on the charge of high treason, before a numerous bench of magistrates, assembled in their room in Reading gaol. The man expressed himself very sorry for what he had done, but repeated his story of having been hardly used in his connection as a pensioner with Greenwich Hospital. He was fully committed on the charge of high treason, and the witness bound over to prosecute.

KENTUCKY SPORTSMEN.

The far-famed rangers and hunters of this State, have ever been celebrated for their partiality for the rifle, and for the exquisite skill they display in its use, both in the forest and the field. We say *rifle*, for it is a fact well known, that the shot-gun or fowling-piece is rarely found, they conceiving them entirely beneath the *dignity* of a genuine backwoodsman. The seemingly miraculous feats recorded of their shooting pint cups of whiskey from a man's head, at an almost incredible distance,—of their "barking squirrels," &c. &c. will not perhaps excite so much surprise, when we read of children, of the tender ages of eight and ten years, *shooting bears*, even before strong enough to *support* a gun. The enterprising and fearless settlers of the frontier so rear their children, that their very sports leads them into danger, and they learn the artifices of the Chase so early, that the knowledge is almost an instinct. The moment a lad can carry a rifle, he becomes a hunter, as the young falcon so soon as he can prune his wing, darts upon his prey.

In reading Judge Hall's "LEGENDS OF THE WEST," (an entertaining work lately published in Philadelphia,) we fell upon the subjoined anecdote of two sportsmen in embryo, which we marked with our pencil, thinking it would amuse many of our readers; the occurrence is said to have taken place in 1758, at the period of the attacks on Fort Cumberland and Du Quesne, in the old Colonial wars between the French and English.

At that instant Gordon suddenly halted, and directed the eye of his companion to some object before them. They had just passed a solitary cabin, surrounded by a few acres of cultivated land, where an adventurous backwoodsman ventured to reside, beyond the reach of the guns of the fort. Beyond this clearing their path led through a slip of marshy ground covered with high grass and bushes. The attention of the officers was drawn to two boys, the children of the backwoodsman, whose hut they had just passed, one of whom was about eight, and the other ten years of age, who were stealing through the woods with cautious steps, bearing a couple of muskets, the BUTTS of which were borne by the larger boy, while the muzzles rested on the shoulders of the smaller.—They stopped by a large log at the edge of the swamp, and peeped eagerly over it, and the officers then beheld, a few paces from the log, a large bear, apparently asleep, imbedded in the mud. The boys, having ascertained that the animal remained where they had discovered him a few minutes before, placed one of the guns over the log, and the oldest lad, after taking a deliberate aim, fired. The bear, mortally wounded, sprung up in his bed, and uttered a howl of agony. The youngest boy ran towards the house, while the other climbed nimbly up a small tree.—Here he sat in security, watching with delight the expiring struggles of his victim until the latter sunk exhausted in the mire—when he cried out after his brother, 'Bill, *come back*, I've SAVED him!' Again the took their post by the *log*, gazing at their grim adversary, who by an occasional twitching of the muscles showed that life was not entirely gone.

'I guess he's sort o' 'live yet,' said one of the boys.

'Let's give him another pill,' rejoined the other.

Accordingly, the other gun was pointed over the log, and discharged. The larger boy then advanced with a long stick, with which he felt his adversary at a distance; and having thus satisfied himself, he at last approached the body, and seated himself on it in triumph. He then shouted for his brother, 'Come here, Bill! where are you? why you're no account, to be afraid of a dead bear. I've used him up, the right way. He's cold as a wagon-tire.'

The officers now came forward to speak to the heroic childen, and learned that they had discovered the bear while at play, and ran to the house; but finding that both their parents were absent, and knowing that their father's guns were always loaded, they had determined to attempt the exploit themselves.

DEER HUNTING in SOUTH AMERICA

As the haunts of the Fallow-Deer, or Venays, are generally far from the abodes of men, and as they live in continual alarm from the depredations of the host of enemies (beasts, birds of prey, and even reptiles) that beset them, but for the extraordinary instinct or sagacity which nature has endowed them with for their preservation, the race must long since have been extinct. The impenetrable mountains of the Cordilleras are inhabited by immense herds of these animals, a species of the stag kind, also sometimes herds amongst them; though, as there seems a great aversion to this commixture, it must be considered as dictated by some necessary or instinctive policy. In those haunts are also to be met the South American Mountain Goat, so much admired for its symmetry of form and delicious flavor. The intricate and steep pathways leading to their couching haunts are mostly in clefts of rocky precipices, inaccessible to beasts of prey; and even a nimble dog can scarcely skip from rock to rock, to the outposts where their videttes are placed. Should any of them venture, they soon have occasion to repent their temerity.

It is not uncommon to see the jaguar, the tiger, &c. who have the hardihood to attack their outposts, hurled by the butting sentinels, the horned patriarchs of the flock, down a precipice of five or six hundred feet: so that, unless impelled by extreme hunger, they never attack them, except in their more open pastures. As those ravenous creatures are dormant during the day, the Deer are then partly secure. At night a straggler from the community is sure of its fate, as the jaguars hunt in packs, and are very quick-scented.

One trait of the South American Deer is worthy of notice. In Europe a hunted Deer is driven from amongst the herd, and abandoned to its fate: here, the guardians of the flock succor even a stranger of their species. I apprehend that during the fawning season the females and fawns suffer more than the males, as the young are obliged to be deposited in thickets, and the eagle and vulture are always watching over head. The large brown snake is also a great destroyer of them, but the jaguar and wild-cat are their worst enemies. There are about four bucks to one doe in the herd, which shows what destruction there must be of the latter.

The colors of the Deer are various, and mostly beautifully dappled upon yellow, dun, and white. The stag is generally of a dusky brown.

Hunting these animals is a source both of amusement and emolument to the Indian tribes in high latitudes, and they may be said to have brought it to high perfection. Having ascertained the haunts of the animals for about a week, the whole tribe assemble before day-break; some ascend the highest trees to mark their progress; others couch themselves under leaves, so as to impound them when they betake themselves to their fastnesses; then the whole tribe, men, women, and boys, stretch over a vast tract of country, and, assisted by their curs and horns, make every kind of hideous noises, obliging them to quit their grazing spots while the dew is on the ground. As the Deer assemble, they form in complete marching order, preceded by the elder or patriarchs, while the bucks of the second class bring up the rear, to protect the females and young, and repel any attacks. In this manner they arrive at their haunts; while the Indians, advancing in all directions, prevent their retreat by closing up all the openings, and while the Deer are forming in battle array, prepare the instruments of destruction, viz. large lances, resinous torches, and nooses fixed to long poles. The women are also busy stuffing jaguar and tiger skins. The Indians, having made proper crevices in the grit and brown rock which form the path, advance. The images of the wild beasts are now presented, to intimidate the Deer from breaking, which the bucks no sooner perceive than they make a violent effort to strike them into the gulf,—their animosity to those beasts being such that they often pass or leap over a man to get at them. The Indians then strike, and hurl them into the abyss below, where the women are ready to hamstring or disable them before they recover from their stupor. When the hunters can no longer provoke them to rush on the stuffed tigers, &c. they make signals to those over head to throw lighted flambeaux amongst them.—This causes them to make a desperate effort to escape, and when the Indians have hurled a sufficient number down the precipice, they suffer the females and the fawns, and some of the bucks, to escape. Indeed, they seem very much averse to destroying a doe at all, and always liberate the doe fawns. In those excursions they take on an average from four to five hundred. In taking the Ciervo Grande, or Large Stag, they seldom get more than from thirty to fifty; but of the Mountain Goat they catch an immense number: they enter the caverns in the rocks by night, and pursue them by torch-light, and frequently yoke a great many of them together alive, although the flesh loses its flavor from the effort to domesticate them, and they scarcely ever lose their native wildness. A full grown Fallow Deer could be bought at Valencia for seven pisettos, or five shillings sterling. During the hunting season the Creoles sometimes hunt, but the Indians are more expert. [Monthly Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for July.

TOM CRINGLE'S LOG.

THE CHASE OF THE SMUGGLER.

[It will be necessary to understand that the narrator, while on an excursion into some of the remote parts of Jamaica, was seized by a band of Yankee smugglers, and carried on board their vessel, "The Little Wave." Two British ships were immediately despatched in chase, as well for the recovery of the officer as the destruction of the smuggler, and the events of the chase are vividly described by Cringle (as he witnessed them as a prisoner on board the smuggler) in the following narrative.]

The crib in which I was confined was as dark as pitch, and, as I soon found, as hot as the black hole in Calcutta. I don't pretend to be braver than my neighbors, but I would pluck any man by the beard who called me coward. In my small way I had in my time faced death in various shapes, but it had always been above board, with the open heaven overhead, and generally I had a goodly fellowship in danger, and the eyes of others were upon me. No wonder, then, that the sinking of the heart within me, which I now experienced for the first time, was bitter exceedingly, and grievous to be borne. Cooped up in a small, suffocating cabin, scarcely eight feet square, and not above four feet high, with the certainty of being murdered, as I conceived, were I to try to force my way on deck; and the knowledge that all my earthly prospects, all my dreams of promotion, were likely to be blasted and for ever ruined by my sudden spiriting away, not to take into the heavy tale the misery which my poor mother and my friends must suffer, when they came to know it, and "Who will tell this to thee, Mary?" rose to my throat, but could get no farther for a cursed bump that was like to throttle me. Why should I blush to own it—when the gipsy, after all, jilted an old rich goutified coffee-planter at the eleventh hour, and married me, and is now the mother of half a dozen little Cringles or so?—However, I made a strong effort to bear my misfortunes like a man, and folding my arms I sat down on a chest to abide my fate, whatever that might be, with as much composure as I could command, when half a dozen cockroaches flew flicker-flicker against my face.

[For the information of those who have never seen this delicious insect, I take leave to mention here that, when full grown, it is a large, dingy brown colored beetle, about two inches long, with six legs, and two feelers as long as its body.]

At the same time I felt something gnawing the toe of my boot, which I inferred to be a rat—another agreeable customer for which I had a special abhorrence; but, as for beetles of all kinds, from my boyhood up they had been an abomination unto me, and a cockroach is the most abominable of all beetles; so between the two I was speedily roused from my state of supine or rather dogged endurance; and, forgetting the geography of my position, I sprung to my feet, whereby I nearly fractured my skull against the low deck above. I first tried the sky-light; it was battened down—then the companion-hatch, it was locked; but the ladder leading up to it being cooler than the noisome vapor-bath I had left, I remained standing in it, trying to catch a mouthful of fresh air through the joints of the door. All this while we had been slipping along shore with the land-wind abeam of us, at the rate of five or six knots, but so gently and silently that I could distinctly hear the roar of the surf, as the long, smooth swell broke on the beach, which, from the loudness of the noise, could not be above a mile to windward of us. I perceived at the same time that the schooner, although going free, did not keep away as she might have done, so that it was evident he did not intend to beat up, so as to fetch the Crooked Island passage, which would have been his course had he been bound for the States, but was standing over to the Cuba shore, at that time swarming with pirates.

It was now good daylight, and the land-wind gradually died away, and left us rolling gunwale under, as we rose and fell on the long seas, with our sails flapping, bulkheads creaking and screaming, and main-boom jig-jigging, as if it would have torn every thing to pieces. I could hear my friend Obed [the commander of the smuggler] walking the deck, and whistling manfully for the breeze, and exclaiming from time to time in his barbarous lingo, "Souffle, souffle, San Antonio." But the saint had no bowels, and there we lay roasting until near ten o'clock in the forenoon.—During all this period, Obed, who was short-sighted, as I learned afterwards, kept desiring his right arm, Paul Brandywine, to keep a bright look-out for the sea-breeze to windward, or rather to the eastward, for there was no wind—"because he knowed it oftentimes tumbled down right sudden and dangerous at this season about the corner of the island hereabouts; and the pride of the morning often brought a shower with it, to level a corn-field as smooth as his hand."—"No black clouds to windward yet, Paul?"

Paul could see nothing; and the question was repeated three or four times. At length the reply was—'There is a small black cloud about the size of my hand to windward, sir, right in the wake of the sun, just now, but it won't come to any thing: I don't see no sign of any wind.'

'I knew what this foreboded; which, as I thought, was more than friend Obed did; for he shortened no sail, and kept all his kites abroad, for no use, as it struck me, unless he wished to wear them out by flapping against the masts.—He was indeed a strange mixture of skill and carelessness; but, when fairly stirred up, one of the most daring, and expert, and self-possessed seamen I had ever seen, as I very soon had an ugly opportunity of ascertaining.

The cloud on the horizon continued to rise rapidly, spreading over the whole eastern sky, and the morning began to lower very ominously; but there was no sudden squall, the first of the breeze coming down as usual in cats'-paws, and freshening gradually; nor did I expect there would be, although I was certain it would soon blow a merry captfull of wind, which might take in some of the schooner's small sails, and pretty considerably bother us, unless we could better our offing speedily, for it blew right on shore, which, by the setting in of the sea breeze, was now close under our lee.

At length the sniffler reached us, and the sharp little vessel began to *speak*, as the rushing sound through the water is called; while the wind sang like an Æolian harp, though the *taut* weather-rigging. Presently I heard the word given to take in the two gaff top-sails and flying jib, which was scarcely done when the moaning sound roughened into a roar, and the little vessel began to yerk at the head seas, as if she would have cut through them, in place of rising to them, and to lie over, as if Davy Jones himself had clapper-clawed the mast-heads, and was in the act of using them as levers to capsize her, while the sails were tugging at her as if they would have torn the spars out of her, so that I expected every moment either that she would turn over, keel up, or that the masts would snap short off by the deck.

All this, which I could without the smallest feeling of dread, on the contrary with exhilaration, have faced cheerily on deck in the course of duty, proved at the time, under my circumstances, most alarming and painful to me; 'a fair, straw death' out of the maintop, or off the weather yard arm, would in my imagination have been an easy exit comparatively; but to be choked in this abominable hole, and drowned darkling like a blind puppy—the very thought made me frantic, and I shouted, and danced about, until I missed my footing and fell backwards down the ladder, from the bottom of which I scuttled away to the lee side of the cabin—quiet, through absolute despair and exhaustion from the heat and closeness.

I had remarked that from the time the breeze freshened the everlasting Yankee drawling of the crew, and the endless confabulation of the captain and his mate, had entirely ceased, and nothing was now heard on deck but the angry roar of the raging elements, and at intervals a shrill, piercing word or two from Obed, in the altered tone of which I had some difficulty in recognizing his pipe, which rose clear and distinct above the roar of the sea and wind, and was always answered by a prompt, sharp 'Aye, aye, sir,' from the men. There was no circumlocution, nor calculating, nor guessing now, but all hands seemed to be doing their duty energetically and well. 'Come, the vagabonds are sailors after all—we shan't be swamped this turn,' muttered I, resuming my place on the companion ladder with more ease of mind, and a vast deal more composure, than when I was pitched from it when the squall came on.—In a moment after, I could hear the captain sing out, loud even above the howling of the wind and rushing of the water, "There it comes at last—put your helm hard aport—down with it, Paul, down with it, man—luff, and shake the wind out of her sails, or over we go, clean and for ever."—Every thing was jammed, nothing could be let go—nor was there an axe at hand to make short work with the sheets and halyards; and for a second or two I thought it was all over, the water rushing half way up her decks, and bubbling into the companion through the crevices; but at length the lively little craft came gaily to the wind, shaking her plumage like a wild duck; the sails were got in, all to the foresail, which was set with the bonnet off, and then she lay to like a sea-gull, without shipping a drop of water. In the comparative stillness I could now distinctly hear every word that was said on deck.

'Pretty near it; rather close shaving that, captain,' quoth Paul, with a congratulatory chuckle; 'but I say, sir, what is that wreath of smoke rising from Annotta Bay over the headland?'

"Why, how should I know, Paul? Negroes burning brush, I guess."

'The smoke from brushwood never rose and flew over the bluff with that swirl, I calculate; it is a gun or I'm mist'ken.'

And he stepped to the companion for the purpose, as I conceived, of taking out the spy-glass, which usually hung there in brackets fitted to hold it; he undid the hatch, and pushed it back, when I popped my head out, to the no small dismay of the mate; but Obed was up to me, and while with one hand he seized the glass, he ran the sliding top sharp up against my neck, till he pinned me into a kind of pillory, to my great annoyance; so I had to beg to be released, and once more slunk back into my hole. There was a long pause; at length Paul, to whom the skipper had handed the spy-glass, spoke:

'A schooner, sir, is rounding the point.'

(As I afterwards learned, the negroes who had witnessed my capture, especially the old man who had taken me for his infernal majesty, had raised the alarm, so soon as they could venture down to the overseer's house, which was on the smuggling boat shoving off, and Mr. Fyall immediately dispatched an express to the Lieutenant commanding the Gleam, then lying in Annotta Bay, about ten miles distant, when she instantly slipped and shoved off.)

"Well, I can't help it if there be," rejoined the captain.

(Another pause.)

'Why, I don't like her, sir: she looks like a man-of-war—and that must have been the smoke of the gun she fired on weighing.'

"Eh!" sharply answered Obed, "if it be, it will be a hanging matter if we are caught with this young splice on board: he may belong to her for what I know. Look again, Paul."

(A long, long look.)

'A man-of-war schooner, sure enough, sir; I can see her ensign and pennant, now that she is clear of the land.'

"Oh Lord, Oh Lord," cried Obed, in great perplexity, "what shall we do?"

'Why, pull foot, captain,' promptly replied Paul: 'the breeze has lulled, and in light winds she will have no chance with the tidy little Wave.'

I could now perceive that the smugglers made all sail, and I heard the frequent swish swish of the water as they threw buckets full on the sails to thicken them and make them hold more wind, while we edged away, keeping as close to the wind, however, as we could without stopping her way.

"Starboard," quoth Obed—"rap full, Jem—let her walk through it, my boy—there, main and foresail flat as boards; why, she will stand the man-gaff-topsail yet—set it, Paul, set it"—and his heart warmed as he gained confidence in the qualifications of his vessel—"Come, weather me now, see how she trips it along—pooh! I was an ass to quail, wan't I, Paul?"

'No chance, now,' thought I, as I descended once more; 'I may as well go and be suffocated at once.' I kneed my foot against something, in stepping off the ladder, which, on putting down my hand, I found to be a tinder-box, with steel and flint. I had formerly ascertained that there was a candle in the cabin, on the small table, stuck into a bottle; so I immediately struck a light, and as I knew that meekness and solicitation, having before tried in vain, would not serve me, I determined to go on the other tack, and to see how far an assumption of coolness and self-possession, or it might be a dash of bravado, whether true or feigned, might not at least ensure me some consideration and better treatment from the lawless gang into whose hands I had fallen.

So I set to and ransacked the lockers, where, amongst a vast variety of miscellaneous matters, I was not long in finding a bottle of very tolerable rum, some salt junk, some biscuit, and a *gogdel*, or porous earthen jar of water, with some capital cigars. By this time I was like to faint with the heat and smell; so I filled a tumbler with good half-and-half, and swigged it off. The effect was speedy; I thought I could eat a bit, so I attacked the salt junk and made a hearty meal, after which I replenished my tumbler, lighted a cigar, pulled off my coat and waistcoat, and, with a sort of desperate glee, struck up 'Ye Mariners of England,' at the top of my pipe—My joviality was soon noticed on deck.

"Eh, what's that?" quoth Obed, "that's none of our ditties, I guess: who is singing below there?"

'We're all on deck, sir,' responded Paul.

"It can't be the spy, eh?—sure enough, it must be him, and no one else: the heat and choke must have made him mad."

'We shall soon see,' said Paul, as he removed the skylight, and looked down into the cabin.

Obed looked over his shoulder, peering at me with his little short-sighted pig's eyes, into which in my pot-valiancy, I immediately chucked half a tumbler of very strong grog, and, under cover of it, attempted to bolt through the scuttle, and thereby gain the deck; but Paul, with his shoulder-of-mutton fist, gave me a very uncereminious rebuff, and down I dropped again.

"You make yourself at home, I see, and be hanged to you," said Obed, laying the emphasis on the last word, pronouncing it 'yoo-oo,' in two syllables.

'I do, indeed, and be damned to you-oo,' I replied; 'and why should I not? the visit was not volunteered, you know;—so come down, you long legged smuggling Yankee scoundrel, or I'll blow your bloody buccaneering craft out of the water like the peel of an onion. You see I have got the magazine scuttle up, and *there* are the barrels of powder, and here is the candle, so'—

Obed interrupted me with a laugh like the beginning of the bray of a jackass before he swings off into his 'heehaw, heehaw.'—"Smash my eyes, man, but them barrels are full of pimento, all but that one with the red mark, and that's crackers, fresh and sharp from the Brandywine mills."

'Well, well, gunpowder or pimento, I'll set fire to it if you don't be civil.'

"Why, I *will* be civil; you are a curious chap, a brave ship, to carry it so, with no friend near; so, civil it will be."

He unlocked the companion hatch and came down into the cabin, doubling his long limbs up like foot-rules, to suit the low roof.

"Free and easy, my man," continued the captain, as he entered: "Well, I forgive you—we are even now; and if we were not beyond the land Craft, I would put you ashore, but I can't stand back now."

'Why? may I ask.'

"Simply, because one of your men-of-war schoonern an't more than hull-down astarn of me at this moment: she is working up in shore, and has not chased me as yet: indeed, she may save herself the trouble, for ne'er a schooner in your blasted service has any chance with the tidy little Wave."

I was by no means so sure of this.

'Well, Master Obediah, it may turn up as you say, and in a light wind I know you will either sail or sweep away from any one of them; but to be on the square with you, if it comes on to blow, that same hooker, which I take to be his Britannic Majesty's schooner Gleam, will, from his great beam and superior length, outcarry and fore-reach on you, aye, and weather on you too, hand over hand: so this is my compact—if he nails you, you will require a friend at court, and I will stand that friend; if you escape, (and I will not interfere, either by advice or otherwise, either to get you taken or to get you clear,) will you promise to put me on board the first English merchant vessel we fall in with, or at the longest to land me at St. Jago de Cuba, and I will promise you on my honour, notwithstanding all that has been said or done, that I will never beheafter inform against you, or in any way get you into trouble if I can help it! Is it done? Will you give me your hand upon it?'

Obed did not hesitate a moment; he clenched my hand, squeezed it till the blood nearly spouted from my finger-ends; one might conceive of Norwegian bears greeting each other after this fashion, but I trust no Christian will ever, in time coming, subject my digits to a similar species of torture.

"Agreed, my boy, I *have* promised, and you may depend on me. Smuggler though I be, and somewhat worse on occasion mayhap, I never break my word."

There was an earnestness about the fellow in which I thought there could be no deception, and from that moment we were on what I may call a very friendly footing for a prisoner and his jailer.

"Well, now, I believe you: so let us have a glass of grog, and—

Here the mate sung out, 'Captain, come on deck if you please: quickly, sir, quickly.'

By this time it had begun to breeze up again, and as the wind rose, I could see that the spirits of the crew *fell*, as if conscious that they had no chance if it freshened. When we went on deck, Paul was still peering through the telescope.

'The schooner has tacked sir.'—A dead silence—then giving the glass a swing, and driving the joints into each other, with such vehemence as if he would have broken them in pieces, he exclaimed, 'She is after us, so sure as I an't a nigger.'

"No! is she though?" eagerly inquired the captain, as he at length seized the spy-glass, twisting and turning it about and about, as he tried to hit his own very peculiar focus. At length he took a long, long, breathless look, while the eyes of the whole crew (some fifteen hands or so) were riveted upon him with the most intense anxiety.

"What a gaff topsail she has got—my eye!—and a ringtail with more cloths in it than our square-sail—and the breeze comes down stronger and stronger!"

All this while I looked out equally excited, but with a very different interest. 'Come, this will do,' thought I; 'she *is* after us; and if old Dick Gasket brings that fiery sea-breeze he has now along with him, he will puzzle the smuggler, for all his long start.'

'There's a gun, sir,' cried Paul, trembling from head to foot.

"Sure enough," said the skipper; "and it must be a signal.—And there go three flags at the fore. She must, I'll bet a hundred dollars, have taken our tidy little Wave for the Admiral's tender that was lying in Morant Bay."

'Blarney,' thought I; 'tidy as your little Wave is, she won't deceive old Dick—he is not the man to take a herring for a horse: she *must* be making signals to some man-of-war in sight.'

'Didn't I say so?' I exclaimed, though I had only *thought* so.—'Come, Master Obediah, it thickens now, you're in for it,' said I.

But he was not in the least shaken: as the matter grew serious, he seemed to brace up to meet it. He had been flurried at the first, but he

was collected and cool as a cucumber *now*, when he saw every thing depending on his seamanship and judgment. Not so Paul, who seemed to have made up his mind that they must be taken:

'Jezebel Brandywine, you are but a widowed old lady, I calculate. I shall never see the broad, smooth Chesapeake again,—no more peach brandy for Paul;' and folding his arms, he sat himself doggedly down on the low tafferel.

Little did I think at the time how fearfully the poor fellow's forebading was so soon to be fulfilled.

'There again,' said I, 'a second puff to windward.' This was another signal gun I knew; and I went forward to where the captain was reconnoitering the sail ahead through the glass.—'Let me see,' said I, 'and I will be honest with you, and tell you if I know her.'

He handed me the glass at once, and the instant I saw the top of her courses above the water, I was sure, from the red cross in her foresail, that she was the Firebrand, the very corvette to which I was appointed. She was so well to windward that I considered it next to impossible that we should weather her, but Obediah seemed determined to try it. After seeing his little vessel snug under mainsail, foresail, and jib, which was as much as she could stagger under, and every thing right and tight, and all clear to make more sail should the breeze lull, he ordered the men below, and took the helm himself.—What queer animals sailors are! We were rising the corvette fast; and on going aft again from the bows, where I had been looking at her, I sent my eye down the hatchway into the men's birth, and there were the whole crew at breakfast, laughing and joking, and enjoying themselves, as heartily, apparently, nay, I verily believe in reality, as if they had been in a yacht on a cruise of pleasure, in place of having one enemy nearly within gunshot astern, and another trying to cut them off ahead.

At this moment the schooner in chase luffed up in the wind, and I noticed the foot of the foresail lift. 'You'll have it now, friend Obed: there's at you in earnest.' While I spoke, a column of thick white smoke spouted over the bows of the Gleam, about twenty yards to windward, and then blew back again amongst the sails and rigging, as if a gauze veil had for an instant been thrown over the little vessel, rolling off down the wind to leeward in whirling eddies; growing thinner and thinner until it disappeared altogether. I heard the report this time, and the shot fell close alongside of us.

"A good mark with that apple," coolly observed the captain: "the long Tom must be a tearer to pitch its mouthful of iron this length."

Another succeeded: and if I had been still pinned up in the companion there would have been no log now, for it went crash through it into the hold. 'Go it, my boys,' shouted I; 'a few more as well aimed, and heigh for the Firebrand's gun-room!'

At the mention of the Firebrand I thought Obed started, but he soon recovered himself, and looking at me with all the apparent composure in the world, he smiled as he said, "Not so fast, Lieutenant; you and I have not drank our last glass of swizzle together yet, I guess. If I can but weather that chap ahead, I don't fear the schooner."

The corvette had by this time answered the signal from the Gleam, and had hauled his wind so that I did not conceive it possible that the Wave could scrape clear, without coming under his broadside.—'You won't try it, Obed, surely?'

"Answer me this, and I'll tell you," returned he: "does that corvette *now* carry long 18s or 32-pound carronades?"

'She carries 32-pound carronades.'

"Then you'll not sling your cot in her gun-room this cruise."

All this time the little Wave was carrying to it gallantly, her jib-boom bending like whalebone, and her long slender topmasts whipping about like a couple of fishing-rods, as she thrashed at it, sending the spray flashing over her mast-heads at every pitch; but, notwithstanding her weatherly qualities, the heavy cross sea, as she drove into it, headed her off bodily, and she could not prevent the Gleam from creeping up on her weather quarter, where she peppered away from her long 24-pounder, throwing the shot over and over us.

To tack, therefore, would have been to run into the lion's mouth, and to bear up was equally hopeless, as the corvette, going free, would have chased her under water; the only chance remaining was to stand on, and trust to the breeze taking off, and try to weather the ship, now about three miles distant on our lee bow, braced sharp up on the opposite tack, and quite aware of our game.

As the corvette and the Wave neared each other, he threw a shot at us from the boat-gun on his topgallant forecastle, as if to ascertain beyond all doubt the extent of our insanity, and whether we were serious in our attempt to weather him and escape.

Obed held right on his course, like grim death. Another bullet whistled over our mast heads; and with the aid of the glass, I could see by the twinkling of feet, and here and there a busy peering face through the ports, that the crew were at quarters fore and aft, while fourteen marines or so were all ready rigged on the poop, and the nettings were bristling, through the whole length of the ship, with fifty or sixty small-arms men.

All this I took good care to communicate to Obediah.—'I say, my good friend, I see little to laugh at in all this. If you do go to windward of him at all, which I greatly doubt, you will have to cross his fore-foot within pistol-shot of the farthest; and then you will have to rasp along his whole broadside of great and small, and they are right well prepared and ready for you, *that* I can tell you; the skipper of that ship has had some hedication, I guess, in the war on your coast, for he seems up to your tricks, and I don't doubt but he will tip you on the stem, if need be, with as little compunction as I would kill a cockroach, devil confound the whole breed! There, —I see his marines and small-arms men handling their firelocks, as thick as sparrows under the lee of a hedge in a snow-storm, and the people are training the bull-dogs fore and aft. Why, this is downright, stark staring lunacy, Obed; we shall be smashed like an egg shell, and all hands of us whipped off to Davy from your cursed fool hardiness.

I had made several pauses in my address, expecting an answer, but Obed was mute as a stone. At length I took the glass from my eye, and turned round to look at him, startled by his silence.

I might have heard of such things, but I had never before seen the working of the spirit so forcibly and fearfully demonstrated by the aspect of the outward man. With the exception of myself, he was the only man on deck, as before mentioned, and by this time he was squatted down on it, with his long legs and thighs thrust down into cabin, through the open skylight. The little vessel happened to carry a weather helm, so that his long sinewy arms, with their large veins and leaders strained to cracking, covered but a small way below the elbow by his jacket, were stretched as far as they could clutch the tiller to windward, and his enormous head, supported on his very short trunk, that seemed to be countersunk into the deck, gave him a most extraordinary appearance. But this was not all; his complexion, usually sallow and sun-burnt, was now ghastly and blue, like that of the corpse of a drowned man; the muscles of the neck, and the flesh of the cheeks and chin were rigid and fixed, and shrunk into one half of their usual compass; the lips were so compressed that they had entirely disappeared, and all that marked his mouth was a black line; the nostrils were distended, and thin and transparent, while the forehead was shrivelled into the most minute and immovable wrinkles, as if done with a crimping instrument, while over his eyes, or rather his eye, for he kept one closed as if it had been hermetically sealed, he had lashed with half a dozen turns of spun yarn a wooden socket, like the butt-end of an opera glass, fitted with some sort of magnifier, through which he peered out ahead most intensely, stooping down, and stretching his long, bare neck to its utmost reach, that he might see under the foot of the foresail.

I had scarcely time to observe all this when a round shot came through the head of the mainsail, grazing the mast, and the very next instant a bushel of grape from one of the bow guns, a 32 pound carronade, was crashed in upon us amidships. I flung down the glass, and dived through the companion into the cabin.—I am not ashamed to own it; and any man who would undervalue my courage in consequence can never, taking into consideration the peculiarities of my situation, have known the appalling sound or infernal effect of a discharge of grape. Round shot in broadsides is a joke to it; musketry is a joke to it; but only conjure up in your imagination a shower of iron bullets, of the size of well grown plums, to the number of from sixty to one hundred and twenty, taking effect within a circle not above ten feet in diameter, and that all this time there was neither honor nor glory in the case, for I was a miserable captive, and I fancy I may save myself the trouble of farther enlargement.—I found that the crew had by this time started and taken up the planks of the cabin floor, and had stowed themselves well down into the run, so as to be as much out of harm's way as they could manage, but there was neither fear nor flinching amongst them: and, although totally devoid of all gasconade, (on the contrary, they had taken all the precautions men could take in their situation to keep out of harm's way, or at least to lessen the danger,) there they sat, silent, cool, and determined. 'I shall never undervalue an American as an enemy again,' thought I. I lay down on the side of the little vessel, now nearly level as she lay over, alongside of Paul Brandywine, in a position that commanded a view of Obed's face, through the small scuttle. Ten minutes might have elapsed, when there came a tearing crash, and a rattle on the deck overhead, as if a shower of stones had been thrown from aloft on it.

'That's through the mainmast, I expect,' quoth Paul.

I looked from him to the captain; a black, thick stream of blood was trickling down behind his ear. Paul had noticed it also:

'You are hurt by one of them splinters, I see: give me the helm now, captain'—and, crushed down as the poor fellow appeared to be under some fearful and mysterious consciousness of impending danger, he nevertheless addressed himself to take his captain's place.

"Hold your blasted tongue!" was the polite rejoinder.

'I say, captain,' shouted your humble servant, 'you may as well eat peas with a pitchfork as try to weather him. You are hooked, man, flounder as you will. Old Nick can't shake you clear —so I won't stand this any longer'—and making a spring, I jammed myself through the skylight, until I sat on the deck, looking aft and confronting him, and there we were, stuck up like the two kings of Brentford, or a couple of *smiling cherries* on one stalk. I have often laughed over the figure we must have cut, but at the time there was that going on that would have made Comus himself look grave. I had at length fairly aroused the sleeping devil within him.

"Look out there, lieutenant—look out there!" and he pointed with his sinister claw down to leeward.

I did so—whew!—what a sight for poor Master Thomas Cringle!—'You are booked for an outside place, Master Tommy,' thought I to myself—for *there* was the corvette in very truth—she had just tacked, and was close aboard of us, on our lee quarter, within musket shot at the farthest, bowling along upon a wind, with the green, hissing, multitudinous waves surging along her sides, and washing up in foam, like snow-flakes, through the midship ports, far aft on the quarter-deck, to the glorification of Jack, who never minds a wet jacket, so long as he witnesses the discomfiture of his ally, Peter Pipeclay (the marines.) The press of canvass she was carrying laid her over, until her copper sheathing, clear as glass, and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water, throughout her whole length, above which rose her glossy jet black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon, ugly customers at the best, were grinning, tompion out, open-mouthed at us; and, above all, the clean, well stowed, white hammocks filled the nettings from tafferel to cathead—O that I had been in one of them, snug on the berth-deck! Aloft, a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze, till the cloth seemed inclined to say goodbye to the bolt-ropes, bending the masts like willow wands, and tearing her sharp wedge-bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the cutwater, and ten yards of the keel next to it, were hove clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying every thing up to the hause-holes, and driving the brine into mist over the fore-top, like vapor from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bows flashed back the sun beams in momentary rainbows.—We were so near that I could with the naked eye distinctly see the faces of the men. There were at least 150 determined fellows at quarters, and clustered, with muskets in their hands, wherever they could be posted to most advantage. There they were in groups about the ports, (I could even see the captains of the guns examining the locks,) in their clean, white frocks and trowsers, the officers of the ship and the marines, clearly distinguishable by their blue or red jackets. I could discern the very sparkle of their epaulets.

High overhead the red cross, 'that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze,' blew out strong from the peak, like a sheet of white flame, or a living instinct with life, struggling to tear away the ensign halyards, and to escape high into the clouds: while, from the main-royal mast-head, the long white pennant streamed upwards into the azure heavens, like a ray of silver light. Oh! it was a sight 'most beautiful to see,' as the old song hath it,—but I confess I would have preferred that pleasure from t'other side of the hedge.

There was no hailing nor trumpeting, although, as we crossed on opposite tacks when we first weathered her, just before she hove in stays, I had heard a shrill voice sing out, 'Take good aim, men—Fire!' but *now* each cannon in thunder shot forth its glance of flame, without a word being uttered as she kept away to bring them to bear in succession, while the long, feathery cloud of whirling, white smoke, that shrouded her sides from stem to stern, was sparkling brilliantly throughout with crackling musketry, for all the world like fire-flies in a bank of night-fog from the hills, until the breeze blew it back again through the rigging, and once more unveiled the lovely craft in all her pride and glory.

"You see all that?" said Obed.

'To be sure I do, and I feel something too:'—for a sharp rasping jar was repeated in rapid succession three or four times, as so many shot struck our hull, and made the splinters glance about merrily; and the musket-balls were mottling our top, sides and spars, plumping into the timber, *whit, whit!* as thick as ever you saw schoolboys plastering a church door with clay pellets. There was a heavy groan and a stir amongst the seamen in the run.

'And, pray, do you see and hear all that yourself, Master Obed? The iron has clenched some of your chaps down there.—Stay a bit, you shall have a better dose presently, you obstinate, old'—

He waved his hand, and interrupted me with great energy—"I *dare* not give in, I cannot give in; all I have in the world swims in the little hooker, and strike I will not so long as two planks stick together."

'Then,' quoth I, 'you are simply a damned, cold blooded, calculating scoundrel—brave I will never call you.'—I saw that he was stung to the quick.

"Lieutenant, smuggler as I am, don't goad me to what worse I may have been; there are some deeds done in my time, which at a moment like this I don't much like to think upon. I am a desperate man, Master Cringle; don't, for your own sake, as well as mine, try me too far."

'Well but'—persisted I. He would hear nothing.

"Enough said, sir, enough said:—there was not an honester trader nor a happier man in all the Union, until your infernal pillaging and burning squadron in the Chesapeake captured and ruined me; but I paid it off on the prize-master, although we were driven on the rocks after all. I paid it off, and, God help me, I have never thriven since, enemy though he was. I see the poor fellow's face yet, as I'—He checked himself suddenly, as if aware that he might say more than could be conveniently retracted.—"But I *dare not* be taken; let that satisfy you, Master Cringle, so go below—below with you, sir"—(I saw he had succeeded in lashing himself into a fury)—"or, by the Almighty God who hears me, I shall be tempted to do another deed, the remembrance of which will haunt me till my dying day."

All this passed in no time, as we say—much quicker than one can read it; and I now saw that the corvette had braced up sharp to the wind again, on the same tack that we were on; so I slipped down like an eel, and once more stretched myself beside Paul, on the lee side of the cabin. We soon found that she was after us in earnest, by the renewal of the cannonade, and the breezing up of the small arms again. Two round shot now tore right through the deck, just beneath the larboard coamings of the main hatchway; the little vessel's deck, as she lay over, being altogether exposed to the enemy's fire, they made her whole frame tremble again, smashing every thing in their way to shivers, and going right out through her bottom on the opposite side, within a dozen streaks of her keel, while the rattling of the clustered grape-shot every now and then made us start, the musketry all the while peppering away like a hail shower. Still the skipper, whom I expected every moment to see puffed away from the tiller like smoke, held upon deck as if he had been bullet-proof, and seemed to escape the hellish tornado of missiles of all sorts and sizes by a miracle.

'He is in league with the old one, Paul,' said I: 'howsoever, you must be nabbed, for you see the ship is fore-reaching on you, and you can't go on t'other tack, surely, with these pretty eyelet holes between wind and water on the weather side there! Your captain is mad—why will you, then, and all these poor fellows, go down, because *he dare* not surrender, for some good deed of his own, eh?'

The roar of the cannon and the noise of the musketry made it necessary for me to raise my voice here, which the small scuttle, like Dionysius's, conveyed unexpectedly to my friend the captain, on deck.

"Hand me up my pistols, Paul."

It had struck me before, and I was now certain, that, from the time he had become so intensely excited as he was now, he spoke with a pure English accent, without the smallest dash of Yankeeism.—'So, so: I see—no wonder you won't strike, you renegade,' cried I.

"You have tampered with my crew, sir, and abused me," he announced, in a stern, slow tone, much more alarming than his former fierceness: "so take that to quiet you;"—and deuce take me if he did not, the moment he received the pistols from his mate, fire slap at me, the ball piercing the large muscle of my neck on the right side, missing the artery by the merest accident.—Thinking I was done for, I covered my face with my hands, and commended myself to God, with all the resignation that could be expected from a poor young fellow in my grievous circumstances, expecting to be cut off in the prime of his days, and to part for ever from ——. Pooh! that there line is not my forte. However, finding the hæmorrhage by no means great, and that the wound was in fact slight, I took the captain's rather strong hint to be still, and lay quiet, until a 32-pound shot struck us bang on the quarter. The subdued force with which it came showed that we were widening our distance, for it did not drive through and through with a crash, but lodged in the timber; nevertheless, it started one of the planks across which Paul and I lay, and pitched us both with extreme violence bodily into the run amongst the men, three of them lying amongst the ballast, which was covered with blood, two of them badly wounded, and one dead. I came off with some slight bruises; not so the poor mate. He had been nearest the end or *butt* that was started, which thereby struck him so forcibly that it fractured his spine, and dashed him amongst his shipmates, shrieking piercingly in his great agony, and clutching whatever he could reach with his teeth, while his limbs below his waist were dead and paralyzed. 'Oh, Christ! water, water,' he cried, 'water, for the love of God, water!'—The crew did all they could; but his torments increased—the blood began to flow from his mouth—his hands became clay-cold and pulseless—his features sharp, blue, and death-like—his respiration difficult—the choking death-rattle succeeded, and in ten minutes he was dead.

This was the last shot that told—every report became more and more faint, and the musketry soon ceased altogether.

The breeze had taken off, and the Wave, resuming her superiority in light winds, *had escaped.*

City of New-York:

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 25, 1832.

OURSELVES.

For two long, dreary months, the Spirit of the Tiines has been so uncongenial, and Life in New-York has been so sombre and sad, that we have been compelled to husband our resources with unwonted diligence and spread sparingly before our readers those enlivening articles suited to the character of our paper.

Shut out from the ever prolific theme of politics —standing as it were alone, and the very elements of our means of interest and amusement taken from us, we have suffered long but steadfastly. The dark angel of death has been flapping his terrific wings over our devoted city—driving from our borders the pleasures of existence, and those gay and choice spirits whose cheerfulness and hilarities gave a zest to life, and encouragement and countenance to our efforts. In these times of gloom and sadness we have looked to the generous sympathies of our Patrons for indulgence and the extenuation of our failings.

Thank Heaven we are beginning to hope that we can discern the gleams of a brighter morn—the approach of happier times. The Cholera is gradually and steadily leaving us—our citizens are joyfully returning to their homes, and the naturally exuberant spirits of our community are rising with the gladdening prospects. We hail the approach of better days with gratitude and joy—and we promise, not presumptuously, to resume the cheerful tenor of our way, with untiring zeal —rejoicing with those that rejoice, and making merry with the blithesome and happy.

RATLER AGAINST THE WORLD.

Our sporting friends, especially the lovers of the Turf, will find on the next page a full and spirited notice of the late remarkable Trotting Matches in England, which cannot fail to afford them much satisfaction and amusement.

As lovers of our country and our country's productions, we all must feel a deep interest in these well contested matches, from the circumstance of Ratler's being an American horse, and American bred, and whose powers have often been the boast of our countrymen both at home and abroad. We congratulate ourselves and our readers on being able to give from BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON, of the 8th and 15th ult. so full and authentic details of these exhilarating sports. In these times of despondency and general dearth of interesting news in the Sporting world, such recitals do not require our commendation to procure for them an eager and attentive perusal.

APPRECIATION OF TALENT.—The Boston *Daily Evening Transcript* has a circulation of "more than *two thousand* copies, a number surpassing probably by one third, that of any other daily journal in that city." We're glad of it. May Sir Walter live to have *ten thousand*.

A writer in the Old Colony Memorial speaks of *handcuffs* placed around the *ancles* of a man.

MOBOCRATICAL.

The editor of the Lowell (Mass.) Mercury, it seems, came near getting "wolfy-like about the head," last week. The *mobocracy* in Lowell have shown strong premonitory symptoms of *fight* for some time past, and last week determined to "go the whole figure." The editor, as will be seen, has no peculiar disinclination to a *set-to*, when he has matters his own way, and dislikes being attacked in the rear, as well as his neighbors. He visited the battle-ground, and says the magistrates, sheriffs and constables were on the spot as thick as the girls in the factories, (a right good simile, by the way,) and every boy who seemed disposed to show fight, and *do the genteel thing*, whether he did so or not, was taken into custody. His participation in the fray, he thus dolorously sets forth.—"We were walking down Gorham street, in company with several persons, whose curiosity led them into that neighborhood, about half past ten o'clock, when, as we were just entering Central street, near Bartlett's building, we were overtaken by a stone, which struck our right arm a little above the elbow. The probability is that the numscull who threw it, mistook us and our company, for magistrates and constables. We would thank the mobocracy to be a little more *particular* next time, to distinguish their friends from their enemies. We do not like their random shots though intended for our betters. Besides there is something so boyish and *cowardly* in throwing *stones* from an ambuscade, that even a *brave* scoundrel would be ashamed of it.

A SCENE IN NEW-YORK.

Wending our course to our office this morning, we fell in with a group of "game 'uns," just returned from their peregrinations in the country. After a hearty shake of the hand, and congratulations on the manifold appearances of good health, each gave us an epitome of his adventures which ran something after this wise.

TOM had been to the Springs. Company small but select—saw the girls—dashed, Pelham style—discarded dickies—wore bosoms—rolling collar—pants tight—stock black—shoes—drove the sorrel—borrowed the Stanhope—smashed it—sold it—gamed—lost—ticked—won—loaned—cameo by day—diamond at night—flirted—waltzed —fell in love—offered—refused—got tipsy—sobered—left.

WILL. had been rambling among rivers and lakes. Fished—used Taylor's rod—hooks curbed —no bob—barb long—swift water—line free—curse on a reel—worms good—flies better—trout whappers, bite like sturgeon—perch tolerable—pike plenty—eels abominable—cat loathesome.

"Prodigal HAL" had been home. Father well —sisters married—devilish lonesome—dull as Sunday—all politics—tariff—nullification—Conference—Camp meeting—church—visited—saw the cousins—cut old sweethearts—affected melancholy—plagued aunt—shot the cats—knocked over the servants—foundered a horse—feigned sickness—excited sympathy—showed his bills—all incidentals—frightened the old man—lied through thick and thin—come off well—health restored—fell in love—father objected—mother fainted—sisters cried—gave it up and come back to town.

NED had visited the White Mountains, Studied the Yankees—cunning—civil—living good—cheap as dirt—saw Crawford—cursed odor fellow —true mountaineer—goes barefoot—real moose —tells good jokes—d——d Bluff—knows every body—eats snow—dislikes trout—devours pork—mountain majestic—went to the top—cold as Greenland—prospect grand—avalanche terrific—fatigue intolerable—appetite ravenous—fare coarse—passed the Notch—roads thronged—met thousands—went to Boston—stopped at the Tremont—lived like a fighting cock.

JOE had been to Rhode Island. Was quarantined—liked to have been shot—ordered off—dodging times—had the symptoms—took oil—horrid nervous—couldn't sleep—no appetite—wore flannel—sun blazing—carried camphor—smelt like a musk rat—was examined—could hardly stand—looked bold—pronounced suspicious—odor bad—was fumigated—bleached like calico—scented like a factory—took steam bath—fainted—came to—strength gone—ashamed to own it—twinging colic—daring pains—grew better—kept about—took to books—read novels—fished in the Sound—drank brandy—touched his liver—dropped it—drank Port—liked it—puffed the practice—got laughed at—was examined again; countenance melancholic, tongue clean, odor better, passed—went ashore—frightened the natives—skittish as foxes—mistaken for Calvin Edson—talked through a window—merely ogled the ladies—bowed at a distance—became bashful —afraid to approach—looked like a shade—shunned by the boarders—had private table—grew disgusted—cursed the town and came off.

TOUCH O' THE QUEER.

The Gazette of Tuesday morning, gives us the subjoined "touch of the queer," which occurred in a street so completely blocked up since the 1st of May, as to barely admit the passage of a single dray. It may be considered one of the numerous "scenes of real life," almost daily occurring in our city:—

"A drayman entered the half blocked avenue at the north, and another at the south—their horses greeted each other as old acquaintances, and appeared to hold a parley; neither horse nor man would budge—'they'd be shot first!' The south drayman went down to Old Slip and purchased a peck of provender for his horse, and staid by him till it was consumed and washed down with a bucket of aqua fontana from Hanover square; the man from the north went to Wall street and purchased an *Extra*, which he held before *his* horse's eyes till he had read the latest 'Letter from Paris.' By this time, a 'pretty considerable number' of other carriages claimed a passage, while a hundred boys were observing the literary quadruped *conning the news!*"

It seems that at last, the two belligerents, who had joined issue without the fear of the constable before their eyes, concluded to *start* on the appearance of the Street Inspector, otherwise, probably, William street might have remained impassible—forever and a day.

"THE HAIR OF THE DOG CURES THE BITE."—The Viceroy of Kiang-si Province has committed suicide by swallowing *gold leaf*. The reason assigned is the discovery of a defalcation in the provincial treasury.

The Bostonians "keep a stiff upper lip." One of their papers says, business continues brisk. We record to day five marriages which took place last night.

EFFECTS OF THE GRAND PASSION.—A young lady in Danbury, (Conn) last week, by the name of Hickok, committed suicide, by hanging herself with some strips of her garments. Cause disappointment in love.

Those Connecticut Lotharios must think ladies' hearts like wooden nutmegs, impervious to every thing short of a "tin grater." Then think of depriving her of even a few feet of rope—poor thing. Really these "chaps down east are a little too bad."

THE DR.'S HAIR OIL.

We really wish the modern Æsculapius, Dr. Ward, would forward to our address a bottle or *quantum suf.* of the "none genuine," or, as the knowing ones have it, the "Vegetable Hair Oil," for the sole and entire benefit and behoof of an ambitious young gentleman of our acquaintance. Several weeks since, we took occasion to make favorable mention of the *va'al skew-ball*, and we learn that the demand for the article since that time has steadily progressed. Indeed, it may not be thought improper or egotistical in us to say, that in this city, the "sole inventor" is now fairly immortalized.

In order to give our readers some idea of its *various* and surprising qualities, we find it necessary to give another short testamonial of its effects on a different *patient*. After reading the annexed, it must be evident to every one in the habit of carrying papers in his *hat*, that great caution should be observed in the selection of the same, as a poor fellow's cranium is liable to become as smooth *instanter*, as the back of a "stuck pig," should he accidentally carry a sheet in any way reflecting on the Doctor.

From the Exeter N. H. News Letter.

REMARKABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.—The Lowell Mercury has lately been rather severe upon the philanthropist, Dr. Ward, the merit of whose "Vegetable Hair Oil" is well known. The Lowell Compend says that a person in that vicinity, who had been in the habit of carrying newspapers in his hat, unwittingly put among the rest one of the papers which contained the philippics against the oil—and he was astonished, (as well he might be,) to find, after walking a short half mile, that the neutralizing effect of the paper had rendered him *completely bald*.

"WHAT A PITY.—Lord Fife, a Scotch nobleman, celebrated for the showers of gold with which he sprinkled the Dancers of the French Opera, having met with a reverse of fortune, the furniture of his London establishment was taken lately on execution, and sold by auction. Among the "valuables," was the plaster cast of one of Madame Vestris's nether limbs, which cost his lordship a *thousand guineas*. It was knocked off to an amateur for *one dollar*.

THE PROSPECTS FOR AUTUMN.

Our city is really getting to be itself again. A man may smile, perhaps laugh outright and not be stared at. Broadway continues to look more and more cheerful, the sidewalks are becoming thronged, stores are opening in every quarter, and business getting lively. The fugitives are returning in crowds, elate with health and hope, but yet distrustful and shy. They would sooner shake hands with his Satanic majesty than look at a Cholera patient. Still they are as gay as larks, and talkative as a girl in a new gown, or a boy in his pa's boots.

But in the spirit of soberness, we believe that New-York is infinitely a safer residence at this time than almost any country village where the pestilence has not yet broken out, but is expected. This terrific scourge is fast spreading through the country in every direction, and its fatality in many places exceed any thing we have experienced here. Besides, that feature in the disease which has so long characterised it in our city, does not seem to be retained in its ravages among villages and small towns. We refer to its attacking mostly the intemperate and imprudent. Truly, we mourn the loss of some who were striking exceptions to this general law, but with us the law still prevailed. Yet we learn from various sources that it attacks indiscriminately in its march through the country, the affluent and suffering, the temperate and intemperate.

We think the time has nearly arrived to which we have long been looking forward, viz. when from our first having suffered the ravages of the pestilence, we are the first freed from its influence, and should our anticipations of its abatement be realized, of which there seems the most flattering prospect, we shall not hesitate to pronounce New-York the safest, the pleasantest, and the most delightful autumnal residence in the United States.

We conjure the still wandering exiles from our city to give their movements a homeward direction, and we hold out to all strangers the enticing invitation of a warm welcome—a healthy city and generous dealings.

STEAMBOAT DAVID BROWN.

We last week took occasion to notice the late performances of the Albany and Troy steamboats, but in our admiration for them, we must not, as faithful chroniclers of events, neglect others, inferior only in dimensions. A few days since, we accepted a polite invitation to join in an excursion to the *Ocean House* (at Shrewsbury Inlet) in the new steamboat *David Brown*, commanded by Capt. James Pennoyer. From the state of the weather, the wind at the time blowing a gale, we were not without fears that a boat formed for navigating the comparatively quiet bosom of our rivers, would experience a heavy time, when buffeting the ocean, "lashed into fury" by the violence of the wind. Few boats would have permitted an individual to remain on deck with impunity. In our own case we experienced a pleasing contrast to this common misfortune in navigating rough waters. The boat, as if gifted with instinct, and humoring the undulations of the sea, passed over the boisterous element with the buoyancy of the sea-bird. This is an excellence of the first importance in a steamboat, destined to run where she is continually liable to meet with high winds and turbulent waters. The David Brown is not only a first rate sea-boat, but promises to become one of the fastest among the many which teem upon our waters. She is fitted up in a style of liberal elegance, and is furnished with every thing necessary for the comfort and pleasure of passengers; and with a commander proverbial for his polite and assiduous attention to his guests, the David Brown cannot fail of becoming a favorite of the public, and a trip to the Ocean House and Red Bank, a desirable and pleasant excursion for our citizens.

NEW YORK STAGE.

Most heartily do we congratulate our readers upon the near prospect of some rare theatrical entertainment. The fall and winter arrangements of our managers, give assurance of an ample recompense for all the privation we have suffered from the fearful inroad made into our usual summer amusements by the Cholera. The next season promises to be the most gay and brilliant ever opened in New York.

The Italian Troupe stands conspicuous among the anticipated attractions.—Of this company we have repeatedly made mention. Their attempt is so novel and so adventurous, and withal so rich in the hopes it holds out of refined and elegant pleasure, that we cherish the most cordial desires and expectations of their receiving a generous encouragement.

But it is not the musical world alone that the amusements for the season will interest and delight. Distinguished English performers are coming among us. The Wallacks and Wilkinson have already arrived. Mr. J. W. Wallack stands at the head of his profession in a peculiar line of characters. His excellence in Martin Heywood, has made the rent day popular in London, and he is said to be unequalled in the Brigand "Massaroni." At least we are quite sure that Mr. Hamblin will not attempt to rival him in the air of "Gentle Zitella." We have not yet forgotten the very *cheerful eclat* with which this was received from Mr. Hamblin, and we venture to say that on this point the memory of his associates is quite as retentive as our own. Mr. Wilkinson is a distinguished member of an English Operatic corps. With this new addition, the Park will be able to bring out Operas in a style quite unsurpassed by any Theatre in the land.

The KEMBLES too are soon expected to arrive. Their very *names* are enough to stir the blood of every veteran play-goer. With what interest shall we look upon them, as the distinguished representatives of a magnificent line of Actors! In the history of the English stage, the Kemble family stand as proudly and bear themselves as haughtily as the Tudors among English Princes. If the story of their dominion is less elevated, it is quite as intellectual and far more humane. We shall joyfully hail their coming. Miss Kemble is no less distinguished as a poetess of brilliant genius, than in the more immediate walks of her profession, as a splendid actress. If we long to see her in the Julia of the Hunchback, in which she is said to realize the warmest wishes of Mr. Knowles, to find a fit personation for that beautiful creation of his genius, we are no less desirous of seeing her bear a part in her own Tragedy of Francis I. The extracts from this Play which we have seen in the foreign "Monthlies," (and they have quoted most liberally from it) have been "exceeding" beautiful." But we wish to hear them from her own lips. We doubt not that we shall have an opportunity.

On the subject of the Hunchback we think we have a right to find some fault with our managers. In the surprisingly unanimous commendations of the critics it has been pronounced "worthy of the golden ages of the English Drama," and in London its success has been most flattering. But in New York none but the most inveterate attendant upon the Theatres, knows that it has been "brought out" *here*. We are free to confess ourselves among this number. But we must be allowed also to say, that whoever looks to the representations we have had of it in New-York for the realization of the expectations he may have formed of it from the enthusiastic praises of the British press, and the extracts from it, crowd edinto their periodical literature, will be most thoroughly disappointed. In the hasty zeal of our managers, it came near being strangled in its infancy. We only ask for it a fair trial. Let it be seen whether American taste is so decidedly at variance with that of an English audience, as one would imagine from the splendid success of the Hunchback in London, compared with its insignificant effect in New York. The Park will have the means of gratifying every one. Miss Kemble and her brother sustained principal parts in it at home—let them do so here. Mr. Hamblin has given fair pledges of his readiness to do the best he can for it, in announcing Miss Vincent, Mr. Booth and himself for the best parts. To be sure this happened some while since, but the public nor ourselves have forgotten it. We trust the manager will not.

PARK.—At this Theatre the Ravel family have been astonishing, every other night, naked galleries and empty boxes, with their exhibitions of supleness of limb and *pedal prowess*. The regular company commence their season on Monday next in Masaniello and the National Guard. This Theatre has been "partially *refitted and repainted*."

THE AMERICAN Theatre was opened on Monday with the School for Scandal. Happy were we to greet Mrs. Hamblin on her return to her vocation, and to find that in her short retirement she had lost none of her attractions. And glad were we to renew our acquaintance with her comical father, the renowned Blanchard—the sole worthy representative of Sir Peter Teazle and old Hardcastle, Lingo and Lazzarillo. In each of these he is "all in all." But let us proceed in our greetings. Miss Vincent commenced an engagement on Wednesday in two of her best parts, Clari and Kate O'Brien. We are always delighted to cheer her in the profession in which she has arrived so speedily at so great a height of popularity. This may be judged of from the fact of her drawing so full a house immediately after an event which would have seemed likely to have cooled the ardour of almost any play-goer, and indeed to have justified the manager in a temporary close of the Bowery. We allude to the sudden death of two of the company on Wednesday morning.

This Theatre has been exceedingly improved in its arrangement and decorations during the long interval of two months.

At the RICHMOND HILL we have had Mr. and Mrs. Barnes, and Mr. and Mrs. Hilson. All are old favorites in New York, and we only regret that they have been obliged to play at a time when most of their admirers have been driven into unvoluntary exile. Mr. Barnes takes a benefit on Monday.

THE COURIER AND ENQUIRER.

No event since the invasion of Cholera, has created in our community more sensation or warmer discussions than the pulling down of the Jackson flag by this widely circulated paper, and the zealous supporter of the present administration. We do not learn under whose banners it will henceforward contend, nor whose name will be superscribed on its *broad sheet*.

Whispers of this "entire revolution" had been creeping through society for some days, but not until Thursday morning was it announced by the Editor accompanied with an expose of the reasons and causes therefor. M. M. NOAH, Esq. has disposed of his interest in the paper to Mr. WILKINS who is now sole proprietor. The Courier office was completely thronged on Thursday morning and during the day, by applicants for copies of the metamorphosed print.

A CHALLENGE.

SPORTING INFORMATION.—A challenge has been offered by James E. Richardson, Esq. to run *Bertram*, jr. and *Little Venus*, against *Andrew* and *Blanche's Blue*, four mile heats, carrying one hundred pounds each, for *Five Thousand Dollars* a side, each race half forfeit. The race to be run over the Washington Course, Charleston, S. C., on the Monday and Tuesday week preceding the first day of the annual races at that place.

"SHOCKING CATASTROPHE."—The following specimen of *sublime accident making* is the commencement of an account of a most horrible something or other in the Tioga, N. Y. Gazette:—

"On Tuesday morning last, ere the sun had arisen to gild the eastern horizon, and while most of our citizens were encircled in Morpheus' sweet embrace, a most distressing accident occurred in our village."

A brother editor subjoints to the above the following queer anecdote, as a parallel case. He says it reminds him of the account a fellow gave of being chased by a bull. "The bull," said he, "roared like thunder and I ran like lightning, and in jumping over a fence, tore my breeches as though heaven and earth were coming together!"

A RUSE.—The Genius of Temperance, through a correspondent, tells a pretty clever story of a chap, who meant to dodge the Cholera, by help of Dr. De Kay's Cholera charm. He says:—I was walking down Broadway a few days since in company with a friend, when casting my eyes a short distance ahead, I saw a crowd of people collected at a corner. We walked on, and behold a man had thrown himself on the pavement and affected spasms to obtain from an adjoining shop, a drink of De Kay's specific. But the owner suspecting the trick, was about hiring a man to apply the cow-skin, (a far more effectual remedy) when the patient suddenly recovered and went off cursing the ill success of his project.

CHARITY, ECONOMY AND CLEANLINESS.—A gentleman, a resident of the upper part of the 7th Ward, and one of the committee for the distribution of money among the poor in the vicinity, has hit upon a plan in the distribution of the charity of our citizens, which, as it is both novel and worthy of imitation, should be made public for the general good, and the information of those who have similar duties to perform.

When called on for assistance, the inquiry is made if they have been unable to obtain employment, and if answered in the affirmative, he then learns their place of residence, which he visits and inspects; and if the premises require cleansing, he immediately sets the applicants about the work of purification, furnishing the means, and telling them that when they have fulfilled his requisitions, he will pay them liberally for their labor. Thus effecting the two objects of cleansing their dwellings, and affording them the means of subsistence.

Had this method been adopted throughout the city, whenever it was feasible, many dwellings, cellars, &c. which are at this moment exhaling their deleterious effluv

From Bell's Life in London, July 8.

GRAND TROTTING MATCHES.

Ratler against Rochester.....in Harness.

The great match between the two American horses, Ratler, the property of Mr. Osbaldestone, and Rochester, the property of Mr. Payne, came off on the Fourth of July, according to appointment, on the ground between Whittlesford Bridge, and Royston. Mr. Osbaldestone backed his horse at one thousand pounds to Mr. Payne's five hundred; and the distance was five miles, and was performed in harness. Ratler, it will be recollected was brought over to this country from America some time since, in company with the celebrated Tom Thumb, by Mr. Jackson, and both horses were purchased by Mr. Osbaldestone.

In America, so famed for its trotters, these animals were considered matchless; and their extraordinary speed and bottom, as represented by Mr. Jackson, were deemed almost beyond credibility; but they have since realised, to its fullest extent, the character which they received—Tom Thumb having performed one hundred miles in harness, in ten hours; and subsequently, after he came into Mr. Osbaldestone's possession, having trotted sixteen miles and a half, in harness, in something less than fifty-seven minutes; and Ratler having, on the present occasion, trotted five miles in a space of time unprecedented in the history of horse flesh in this country. Previous to the present match, the only public affair in which Ratler was engaged on this side the Atlantic, was in a match with a mare belonging to a gentleman named Gordon. The distance was ten miles. Ratler gave the mare 500 yards, and won cleverly, although acknowledged at the time not to have been in the best condition, as far as we recollect, in some seconds under 33 minutes. That match was in saddle. The match, the result of which we are about to describe, was made some months back with Mr. Payne over the bottle, Mr. O. at the time not believing there was a *fair trotter* in the kingdom capable of competing with his *phenomenon*. Mr. Payne was aware, however, that Mr. Theobald, of Stockwell, had in his possession an American stallion, Rochester, of extraordinary powers, and from report, capable of contesting the palm of superiority even with the mighty Ratler, and of this animal, as soon as the match was made, he became the purchaser. Mr. Osbaldestone was not ignorant of the existence of Rochester, but had been led to understand that he was a *runner* and not a fair trotter; and under this impression for some time resisted the performance of his engagement; having a short time since seen Rochester trot, however, he was satisfied that his information was incorrect, and, in consequence, consented to proceed with the match, which it was agreed should be decided on Wednesday on the ground we have stated.

At the time appointed, the respective parties met at Whittlesford Bridge; and at this period considerable throngs of spectators were collected all along the road, who selected such elevated points as were likely to afford them the most extended view of the trot. Many of those persons had posted down from London the same morning. The stop-watches by which the important question of *time* was to be decided having been first adjusted, the toss for the choice of sides of the road took place, and this was won by Mr. Osbaldestone, who chose the *near* side.

The articles specified that both were to start at a given signal, and that each should keep his own side till he was a clear length before his antagonist, when he might take the crown of the road: but if called to, with a view of affording a facility of passing, he was again to keep his own side. It was also provided, that if either horse broke into a gallop, he was to be pulled up, and the wheels of the match cart moved back at the command of the umpire. It was, of course, understood that there was to be neither crossing nor jostling, and that the match was to be conducted in the fairest and most honorable manner. These matters being all satisfactorily arranged, the horses, which were in the immediate vicinity of the starting post, were brought to the post.—Both looked in admirable condition, and had evidently received the most extraordinary attention in preparing them for their task. There was, however, a considerable disparity in their appearance. In color they are both brown; but Ratler is altogether the larger and finer looking animal; he is fifteen hands two inches high, and big and muscular in proportion: every point showing the characteristics of great strength and speed. Rochester is but fourteen hands and two inches in height, showing an uncommon high crest, large head and neck, and powerfull shoulders. He is rather thin in the loins, however, and viewed from behind, does not show that symmetry which a connoisseur would be disposed to admire, or which would afford an earnest of his wonderful vigor and rapidity of action.

Mr. Osbaldestone, whose weight is eleven stone, undertook to drive his own horse; and Macdonald, the Jockey, was chosen to drive Rochester, his weight is about nine stone. Each was seated in a match cart of the lightest possible construction—that of Rochester, we understood, being fifteen pounds less in weight than that of Ratler—and the harness of both horses was as slender in character as safety would permit. Mr. Osbaldestone drove in a common snaffle bit, but Macdonald had a bit of a severer description. Mr. Macdonald wore his jockey cap and jacket, with Mr. Payne's colors,—broad black and white stripe. There were several persons on horseback to attend on each match cart, and clear the way, while a crowd of spectators mounted on hacks were prepared to accompany them.

The road was hilly, although the ascents and descents were not precipitous, and rather narrow, especially at the end near the winning point, where, within about 200 yards of home, there was a small bridge, not sufficiently wide for the two vehicles to pass abreast, and presenting a moderate ascent and descent to the competitors. A post chaise was stationed on the side of the road to mark the conclusion of the course, from whence a green flag was displayed; and at that spot several carriages were drawn up filled with elegantly dressed females, and a great number of equestrians.

THE TROT.

About half past twelve, all being in readiness, and both horses eager for the start, the appointed signal was given and the struggle commenced. Both horses started at speed, but Ratler took the lead at a tremendous pace, close followed by Rochester. The shouting and cheers were now deafening, and Ratler being some lengths in advance, took the crown or centre of the road. Ratler appeared to be gaining ground, and Macdonald, who at starting had placed his whip in a case at the back of his match cart, put his hand round to reach it, thinking it necessary to apply the persuader to his horse; to his mortification, however, he found it had been either thrown out, or dropped; (some say he dropped it himself.) At the end of two miles Ratler was nearly sixty yards ahead, and at this point he was the favorite at ten to one. Macdonald was then supplied with a small stick, which he used, and the stallion mended his pace, and lessened the distance between himself and Ratler, who continued his almost inconceivable pace, Mr. Osbaldestone pulling apparently with all his strength at his reins. After this the stallion, in increasing his speed, broke twice, and, as Macdonald says, was pulled up and backed; but this, as will hereafter appear, was disputed. When we first caught sight from the winning point of Mr. Osbaldestone, on the further side of the bridge, he was about twelve yards in advance, and in this relative position, came first over the bridge. In descending our side, however, Ratler obviously broke into a gallop for a few yards, but quickly resumed his trot, and came on in the most gallant style—Mr O. holding him in, and looking round with a smile of triumph. Macdonald applied his stick, increased his speed, and closed fast upon his antagonist, till at last his horse's head was close to his wheel. At this moment Mr. Osbaldestone, who was on the centre of the road, either from being called to by Macdonald or of his own accord, drew a little to his own side at the moment Macdonald was trying to pass in the same direction. Both were at this crisis so close at home that it was impossible for Macdonald to change the fate of the race; for in the next moment Ratler had passed the winning-post, the nose of Rochester touching the wheel of his match cart as the shouts of his friends proclaimed him the winner.

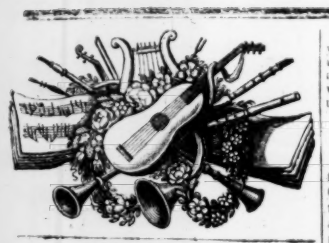
Mr. Lawton, the umpire for Mr. Payne, who was behind the two horses, now exclaimed that Rochester had won, for that Ratler had broken, and had not been pulled up when he called to the Squire. Mr. Osbaldestone denied that he had heard any call, which, from the noise that prevailed, was more than probable; and retorted by saying, in which he was confirmed by Mr. England, that Rochester had broken twice, and that Mr. Donald, although called to the last time, had not pulled up and backed according to the articles. The friends of both parties were of course strenuous in their assertions in support of their principals, and great confusion prevailed; some asserting that Mr. Lawton was too far in the rear to have made the 'Squire hear, even if he had called to him, and that, unless called to by the umpire, no imputation could be cast upon him; and others contending that Macdonald, having himself violated the articles, had no right to take exception to the alleged irregularity of the 'Squire.

Mr. Osbaldestone did not use his whip throughout the trot, and his friends asserted that had he made more play he could have won by 150 yards—while on the other hand it was urged that had Macdonald been better attended, and had he not lost his whip in the outset, he never could have been so far distanced as was apparent in the middle of the course. In corroboration of this assertion, the fact of his having regained the distance he had lost before the conclusion of the contest was stated as the strongest proof. These are all, however, matters of speculation; and a dispute having arisen, both parties claiming to have won, the question can only be decided by a competent referee, who must now be chosen, and to whom, unless the parties otherwise agree, the evidence *pro* and *con* must be submitted.

Immediately after the trot, Mr. Osbaldestone walked Ratler to a farm-house, a short distance, where he was placed in a stable and rubbed down. Rochester was not taken out, but walked about till he got cool.

THE TIME.

At the conclusion of the match, the watches, which had been duly stopped at the start and coming in, were compared, and the precise time in which the five miles were performed was *thirteen minutes and fifty-eight seconds!*—two seconds under the fourteen minutes! a degree of trotting speed, as we have before said, unequalled in the records of trotting in this country. The difference between the two horses in point of time was only two seconds, which



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Percy or Percival Rede, of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate: once when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Cressar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these accidents suggested the following stanzas.

Up rose the sun o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
Careered along the lea;
The palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As it to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
They were a jovial three!

Man, hound or horse, of higher fame,
To wake the wild deer never came,
Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game
On Cheviot's rueful day;
Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
Than Tarras never was stauncher steed,
A peerless archer Percy Rede:
And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
Together at the dawn they rose,
Together shared the noon's repose,
By fountain or by stream;
And oft, when evening skies were red,
The heather was their common bed,
Where each, as wildering fancy led,
Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near
Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
Yon thicket holds the harbor'd deer,
The signs the hunters know;
With eyes of flame and quivering ears,
The brake sagacious Keeldar nears;
The restless palfrey paws and rears;
The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot!—halloo! halloo!
Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue:—
But woe the shaft that erring flew—
That e'er it left the string!
And ill betide the faithless yew!
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
Has drenched the grey goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
Without a moan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and halloo ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies.
Nor what is death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mixed with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favorite bending low,
In speechless grief recline;
Can think he hears the senseless clay
In unreproachful accents say,
"The hand that took my life away,
Dear master, was it thine?

"And if it be, the shaft be blessed,
Which sure some erring aim address'd,
Since in your service, prized, caressed,
I in your service die;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun deer's merry bound,
But by your couch will ne'er be found
So true a guard as I."

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
'Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
And fell amid the fray,
E'en with his dying voice he cried,
"Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
I had not died to day!"

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had joined the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
Down dark Oblivion's river;
But Art can Time's stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoils from Death's breast,
And in her Cooper's colors drest,
The scene shall live forever.

David Garrick was once on a visit at Mr Rigby's seat, Mistly hall, Essex, when Dr. Gough formed one of the party. Observing the potent appetite of the learned doctor, Garrick indulged in some coarse jests on the occasion, to the great amusement of the company, the doctor excepted, who, when the laugh had subsided, thus addressed the party:—"Gentlemen, you must doubtless suppose, from the extreme familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has thought fit to treat me, that I am an acquaintance of his, but I can assure you that, till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid 5s for the sight." Roscius was silent.

A sailor was seen reeling along the streets not long since, with a pine apple in his hand. Some one asked him what he had got there. "Cholera Morbus," he replied. And so it proved. For in less than twenty-four hours he was a corpse.

ELOPEMENT.—An elopement, which occasions much gossip, took place last week from the northern part of this county. The parties are a clergyman, of an amiable and highly respected family, and the daughter of a D. D. They were overtaken at Gloucester, and a very sentimental scene occurred in one of the streets of that city, which attracted a large crowd. The young lady, we are told clung to her lover; her papa entreated, but in vain; he then *insisted*, and was about to use force; the crowd enlisted in the lover's behalf—the young lady fainted, and some expostulation took place on her recovery, and she ultimately accompanied her father to his residence.—*Dublin Gazette.*

A RUSE DE GUERRE.—A tribe of Indians having assembled round a fort of the North-West Company, here threatened some very disagreeable measures, when the chief of the fort requested a PALAVER. When all were assembled, he came forth with a black bottle in his hand. "This bottle," said he, "contains the small pox, and unless you listen to reason I will draw the cork, and permit it to spread over the land." He had no occasion to say more: the Indians, who entertained the greatest horror of this virulent disease, fell to beseeching that he would not open the bottle, and promised obedience to the last extent.—"This gentleman was ever afterwards called among them 'the great Small-pox Chief.'"—*Adventures on the Columbia river.*

"But won't you *take* my word, sir, when I tell you I will call and liquidate your demand on Saturday morning next? said a delinquent debtor to a dunning creditor, with whom he had sharp words. "No, sir," rejoined the other, "I had rather you would *keep* your word."

MONEY vs. CHOLERA.

We have heard a very amusing story of the mode of procedure of a famous CHOLERA CURER of this city. He does not visit his patients; on the contrary, they are always such as are able to visit him. The first inquiry he makes, is, respecting the state of their pockets; and he makes up his mind of the disease accordingly. To those who are very sick he gives a vial of his specific, and charges ten dollars; to others he merely deals out a few of his pills, for which he charges nothing.

Taking each patient aside, as his turn comes, he says to him—'Sair, ave you some cash—some money?'

'No, Sir, I'm very poor indeed.'

'Ver poor! eh? Sair, me ver sorry for you—ver sorry indeed, Sair.'

'I have no money at all—I'm as poor as Job's turkies.'

'Eh! no money at all? poor as de Job Turk, Mon Dieu! Me ver sorry for you. Sair, me feely you pulse. Not mush bad—not mush bad. No money, eh! Vy, sair, I ave de gran pleausure to say, sair, dat you have leetul cholera—ver leetul—not mush bad. I cure you wid my pill, two or tree—you take 'em—you get vell—you no ver bad, sair—you got no money. I shargzhe you nossin at all, sair.'

Having dismissed this patient, he calls in another, and puts the same important question respecting the state of his finances. Finding them favorable, he proceeds to examine the tongue, the pulse, and so forth. He then shrugs his shoulders, shakes his head ominously, and exclaims—'Mon Dieu! Ver bad—ver bad! Sair, you have got de ver bad cholera—ver bad; you tong, you pulse—tout ver bad. Me no vish to give you some alarm, sair—me no vish to scary you; but, sair, you ave got de ver ver bad cholera about you.—You vill die, sair, unless you take my gran specific. Nossin but that vill you life save.—You go to diable quick, you no take it. Dis vial vill cury you. I savy you life, sair—I must shargzhe you for him. De grand specific is ver costly—I must shargzhe you ten dollair."

The patient takes his vial of the grand cholera specific, pays the ten dollars, and in his turn gives way to some new patient, the violence of whose disease is to be determined by the amount of money he has in his pocket.—CONSTELLATION.

CURRAN AND THE MILLER'S DOG.—Curran had told me, with infinite humor, of an adventure between him and a mastiff when he was a boy. He had heard somebody say that any person throwing the skirts of his coat over his head, stooping low, holding out his arms, and creeping along backwards, might frighten the fiercest dog and put him to flight. He accordingly made the attempt on a miller's mastiff in the neighborhood, who had the reputation of never allowing the boys to rob the orchard; but he found to his sorrow that he had a dog to deal with who did not care which end of the boy went foremost, so as he could get a good bite out of it. "I pursued the instructions," said Curran, "and as I had no eyes save those in front, fancied the mastiff was in full retreat: but I was confoundedly mistaken; for at the very moment I thought myself victorious, the enemy attacked my rear, and, having got a reasonably good mouthful out of it, was fully prepared to take another before I was rescued."
Sir J. Barrington's Sketches.

METROPOLITAN SCENES.

EXECUTION IN MALTA.—The Russians, when they hung their five or six criminals to the walls of the fortress of St. Petersburgh, bungled the business, notwithstanding they grew the hemp themselves, and down tumbled three in the mud, owing to the rope slipping in one instance, and breaking in two others. But the Maltese are the proper executioners; a man must be an eel indeed to slip through their fingers. A murderer, (inasmuch as a young man of about 27 thought proper to return the obligation for being brought into this world by sending his parents out of it with a knife,) having been brought before the judges, was condemned; and as popular fury was at its height, and expectation alive, I, like the rest of the company, resolved to see how a man goes out of the world who has been guilty of the greatest of all possible crimes—parricide. There is a rising ground which commands a view of the whole harbor close to the Florian Gardens, and on this was erected the hanging wood, which would have answered the purpose very well, had it not been evidently too low. Near this gallows was a chair, in which sat in quiet composure the only true friend, the man who never deserts you at the last pinch—the executioner. First came a generation of boys bearing candles, and singing a requiem: next followed a whole set of friars, and monks, and priests, an I ragged youths; but one, more pious than the rest of the priests, carried a large crucifix, and close to him walked the criminal: the latter seemed the only unconcerned person in the procession. A respectable body of soldiers and acquaintances followed in the rear, and took up a circular position, with the gallows for the centre. Prayers were freely offered up, and the crucifix handed or rather poked into the criminal's face about a thousand times. At last, for there must be an end to all things, the service was concluded, and evident preparations made for ending the ceremony. The rope was placed round the neck of the culprit; but instead of a noose or hangman's knot, they substituted a timber hitch, and then jimmed the parts, to be quite certain that the rope would do its duty. The criminal was then desired to stand upon a chair, and no sooner had he accepted the offer, than the executioner shortened the rope a very little, and then removed the chair; down fell the poor devil with quite enough of a jerk to tighten the hitch, but not enough to cause suffocation; the rope being too long, the toes of the man just touched the ground, by which means he was enabled to retard the process of strangulation.—The priest sung loudly, and kept the crucifix close to the man's mouth, the only thought of prolonging life. Alas! how we cling to life, even when the case is desperate and the certainty of death before us. The executioner was quite astonished that the man did not die; and after a patient trial of about five minutes, he ascended the gallows, then descended by the rope, and planted his feet firmly by the neck of his prey, with cool-blooded barbarity; he then proceeded to jump on the shoulders, and never do I remember to have shuddered in such disgust as when I heard the cracking of the neck at each succeeding jump. This operation stretched the rope, and the culprit's feet came firmly on the ground; at last, to murder him who had murdered his parents, another executioner, or the assistant Ketch, lifted the criminal's legs from the ground, which gave the body a slanting direction, and the horrible scene was soon closed.—METROPOLITAN.

A SCENE IN INDIA.—I remember once, 'twas a beautiful morning—the awning was spread—the chapel bell was tolling in the good folks to church—the men, dressed in their Sunday gear, had just received their pay, when a boat came along side, and three fellows with baskets came on board. On opening one of them he exhibited a large snake, as thick and round as a hawser, coiled down on his bed of straw. "Black man charm snake, suppose boxes daggah. Plenty sport make it." He then went through the manœuvres, so often described, of playing music on a tom-tom. The snake would expand his head, and, as the sound continued, so he would move backward and forward. The music ceasing, he instantly coiled his ropy body again in his basket. He then showed some other tricks, very similar to those exhibited at fairs in England, till he came to the large snake. "Suppose, master like, he make fight." Will opened his purse as well as his mouth for this, and Blackey commenced, and certainly a very curious scene took place. The snake attacked the man, who appeared to avoid him, writhing its body, its eyes sparkling and its forked tongue put forth in seeming rage. Fid was looking on. Presently the snake flew at the man, who managed to clutch his arm, and exhibited to view what seemed to be a recent bite. Fid, not understanding the trick, seized the snake by the tail, and hove him overboard, saying, "There you go, you swab." Blackey bolted through the port, and was after him. The snake was saved, but no entreaties could prevail on him to come on board to charm again. "If they play tricks in jest, they also do in earnest," observed Apathy; "witness the devotees of the Hindoo religion. At Benares, the holy city, many victims to rash vows assemble to excite pity, and shock humanity by their dreadful mutilations. My blood chilled at the horrible remnants of mortality that crowded the streets, some without arms, or arms that were purposely rendered useless, by being broken and twisted the wrong way; some with a spear, pinning the limb to the side: and numbers with their bodies lacerated and torn, by repeated swingings to recover caste. But I shall never forget one boy who came to beg alms, and sure enough he seemed to want them, for as he pointed with his eye to his credentials, I saw that the arm had been broken purposely, and kept from uniting, so that it hung loosely like a flail; and as he muttered some Bengalee words he gave it a swing, and the limb flew round like a stick at the end of a string, and back again with a surprising rapidity.

From the Boston Commercial Gazette.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, Esq.

The arrival of this gentleman at New York, from London, a few days since, has already been announced. We observe that the National Intelligencer, as well as other papers, in stating the above fact, mentions Mr. Payne as being a native of Boston, which is not a fact. As Bostonians we should be very glad to claim him as a townsman, if this were indeed the case; but he was born upon Long Island and in the state of New York—whence his parents removed to Boston, about the year 1796 or 97. His father, William Payne, was a celebrated school master—now well remembered by many in this city. In fact the impress of his excellent discipline was of various duration—that upon the back remaining for a week or so, while that upon the mind has proved indelible. Well do we remember the hard thoughts that occupied our juvenile minds; and if we live to be a man—old vinegar face—look out—and ideas similar to this. But when we had arrived at man's estate, we could find no words to thank him for it. His son John, our junior perhaps by a year or two, was a smart, active, intelligent lad—who soon contrived to leave us in the rear, in most of the school exercises; of course he must have been a boy of considerable parts, and these were soon evinced in a talent for recitation; more particularly for dramatic recitation. Shortly after this, a medal was awarded him in this respect, but whether of Gold, silver or leather, our memory is not tenacious. Be this as it may, it served as "a spur to prick the sides of his intent," and he soon outstriped all his competitors. In the course of a year or two a Lilliputian dramatic corps was established in his father's old wooden school house, in Sister street, where John soon strutted as Hero both of the Sock and Buskin, and where ourselves, if we remember right, shortly after attained the distinguished place of candle snuffer. Matters jogged on in this way until about the year 1808 or 9—when our hero, who by the bye had kept his eye continually fixed on theatrical preferment, made his first appearance at the Park Theatre in New York, in the character of young Norval. He met with a most flattering reception, and soon ran through a number of favorite characters, such as Selim—Tancred—Octavian—Hamlet—Frederick and Romeo, with distinguished applause—He next visited Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Charleston, winning "golden opinions," wherever he went. Shortly after, he established a reading room in New York, and at the same time contributed largely to the various periodicals of the day, one or two of which he for a short time edited himself. He is a good scholar, writes correctly and with good taste, both prose and verse, and possesses an active and lively imagination.

The following elegant lines were written by him when about eighteen years of age; they display a poetic fancy and facility of versification, which we should like to see further cultivated and improved; they were addressed to a beautiful young lady, whose name was Mayo.

Last night, while restless on my bed,
I languish'd for the dawn of morrow;
Soft slumber sooth'd my aching head,
And fill'd in fairy dreams, my sorrow.

I stood in that serene retreat,
Which smiles in spite of stormy weather,
Where flowers and virtues clust'ring meet,
And cheeks and roses blush together.

When soon, twelve sylph-like forms, I dream'd,
Successive on my vision darted;
And still the latest comer seem'd
Fairer than she who just departed.

Yet one there was, whose azure eye,
A melting, holy lustre lighted;
Which censur'd while it wak'd the sigh,
And clad the feelings it excited.

"Mortal!" (a mystic speaker said)
"In these the sister months discover;
"Select from these the brightest maid'
"Prove to the brightest maid a lover."

I heard—and felt no longer free—
From all the rest I gladly sever;
And in perennial joy, with thee
Dear May—O! could reside forever!

We had almost forgotten one circumstance, which may be well worth mentioning. When Master Payne was about 12 or 14 years of age, he commanded a company of artillery, consisting of from 25 to 30 men, in buckram suits, and armed with a couple of brass field-pieces and tin swords. John however had contrived to possess himself of a real Toledo almost as long as himself, which had a vile trick of getting between his legs and tripping up his dignity. Now he by no means relished this, although he was proud of his sword, in the use of which he was uncommonly dexterous and he would sometime indulge himself in comparison between his own trusty blade and the inferior ones of his subalterns, by no means to the advantage of the latter. One afternoon as his orderly sergeant and another officer were brandishing their weapons round their heads, in a manner which their captain thought was rather too familiar, he called out to them as one having authority—"Keep up your *tin* swords, for the dew will rust them"—and drawing his own at the same time, he exclaimed, "Behold! *I have a weapon*—a better never did itself sustain upon a soldier's thigh." This was in Federal street, in front of the mansion-house of the late Brig. Gen. Elliot, to whom he was paying a marching salute, and who was always wont to smile whenever he related the anecdote.

For the last 20 years Mr. Payne has resided in Europe—principally in London. He is the author of Brutus and other plays which have been received with distinguished approbation. He has also translated and dramatised several French plays of merit, which bid fair to keep possession of the stage for long time. And like another distinguished New Yorker, he has contributed in no inconsiderable degree to soften down the asperities and prejudices entertained towards this country. And like him, we hope he has now returned to pass the remainder of his days in his native land.

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Also—Single and Double Barrelled Guns and Pistols of various qualities. Shot Belts, single and double—Powder and Liquor Flasks—Game Nets—Cleaning Rods—Wad Cutters—Nipple wrenches and Turn screws—Dog whips and calls—Dog collars of all sizes—Drinking cups—and Pocket lights. Sportsmen's apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon, Cork-screw. Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot.

Swords, Dirks, Epaulets and Plumes; also a variety of articles in the Hardware and Cutlery line.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his store from No. 335 Pearl-street to No. 52 Fulton street, where he offers for sale a general assortment of Fancy Articles in the Hardware line; also a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle, consisting of almost every article in the line, viz fly and river rods, brass and wood reels, sinkers, floats, swivels, silkworm gut, Black, Bass, Weak, Perch, Trout, Pickerel, and a variety of other fish hooks too tedious to name. Hooks fastened on gut, gimp, grass, hair silk and flax lines, gut leaders, a variety of artificial baits, such as Shrimp, Minnow, &c. Trout, Herring and Salmon Flies. New-London and other lines of every description.

Also a general assortment of Powder, Shot and Flints. Where also may be had a constant supply of Macdonald's Paste and Liquid Blacking, J. Durell's writing ink, both superior articles.

T. W. HORSFIELD,
No. 52 Fulton-street.

HINTON'S
WAREHOUSE & MANUFACTORY,
194 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WHERE may be had in large or small quantities, on reasonable terms, the following articles: Military Caps of gold, gilt, silver-plated and other trimming. Plumes and pompoons of every color, size and description. Swords and belts suitably for cavalry, artillery, infantry or navy officers. Gold, silver, gilt and plated Epaulettes of all patterns; do. Wings, and worsted do.—do. Tassels, do. of all sizes: do. Laces, different qualities. Muskets, cartridge boxes and belts, dirks, belt and pocket pistols, fencing foils, masks and boxing gloves. Pocket pistols, housings, holsters, bridles, and all the variety of military horse equipments.

FOWLING ARTICLES.

Double and single guns, Damascus, stub and twist, and plain barrels, (made by the most celebrated gun makers in London,) flint and percussion rifles; English and American gunpowder in canisters; percussion caps and fitters; shot and flints; powder and drinking flasks, and caps; bullet pouches, powder horns and bullets; shot and game bags; leather and mahogany gun cases; cleaning rods with all the necessary implements; dog chains, collars, and calls: percussion and flint locks, and general assortment of gun mountings.

FISHING TACKLE.

Trout and river rods of all descriptions, walking cane rods, India grass, hemp, silk and hair lines of all lengths. Single and multiplying reels, silkworm gut, swivels, sinkers, first quality of Limerick and Kirby hooks on hair and engine twisted hair, artificial flies, fishes, devels, frogs, mice, floats, hoop nets, &c. &c. composing a complete assortment of Fishing Tackle.

TO TRAVELLERS.

Manufactured and for sale as above, travelling trunks, valices and carpet bags of the best quality.

N. B. Flint locks percussioned and guns and pistols repaired in the greatest manner and at the shortest notice.

FISHING TACKLE STORE.

THE subscriber begs leave to return his grateful thanks to his patrons and friends for the encouragement he has thus far received in his endeavors to establish permanently a cheap Fishing Tackle store: and also hopes that they will still favour and sustain him with the same—he also begs leave to inform them that he has constantly on hand a very great quantity of Fishing Tackle, all of which is fitted up in the most elegant and superior style viz. A large assortment of Canton and Calcutta, Bamboo Fishing rods with or with out Joints, for Fly and other fishing. Grass, Gut silk, and Hair lines of English and American manufacture, swivel-sinkers, floats, artificial baits; such as for Trout, Salmon, Pike, and other fishing, too numerous to mention. Also—2 or 300,000 of Hemming's best steel Fish hooks and a large assortment of fine Limerick hooks, several thousand Savannah canes, for fishing and reed making, all of which may be had wholesale and retail.

P. S. It would be an advantage to those wishing to purchase to call and select such articles of Tackling as they would wish in his line, as they would get a bargain.

N. B. Just received—a large quantity of superior, fresh Silk-worm Guts, which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms.

ABR'M BROWER,
230 Water street.

TO SPORTSMEN.

THE SUBSCRIBER offers for sale a general assortment of Select Fishing Tackle.—Consisting of superior Trout, Fly, and River Bag-rods; do. Walking Cane Rods; best Multiplying Reels; Landing and Shrimp Nets; patent India-grass, Flax and Hair Lines of all lengths; Silk-worm, Gut, Stretchers, Swivel Sinkers; Improved Limerick and Kirby Hooks; Artificial Flies; do. Fishes, Floats, &c. &c. All the above articles are expressly adapted to the Sports of this Country. LEWIS,
No. 3 Wall-st., cor. New-st., opposite the Church

*** *Visiting and Address Cards engraved and printed.*

PERCUSSION CAPS.

TO SPORTSMEN.—The subscriber has just received and offers for sale *The Improved Percussion Cap*—the charges and construction of which is, on explosion, to prevent the caps from flying into fragments: thereby protecting the shooter from accident to the face, eyes, hands, &c.

Also, the Scientific Self-defender, (*suitable for the meridian of Washington.*)

LEWIS,
☞ Wall-street, No. 3, corner of New-st. opposite the Wall-street church.

*** VISITING and ADDRESS CARDS of every description engraved and printed in a superior style at the shortest notice and on the most reasonable terms. June 26.

TO SPORTSMEN.

JUST Received—*Hawker on Shooting* or *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*—in all that relates to guns and shooting—difference between the Flint and Percussion System—Preservation of Game—Getting access to all kinds of Birds—Specific directions with new apparatus for Wild Fowl Shooting, both on the coast and in fresh water—new directions for Trout fishing, and advice to young Sportsmen on various other subjects, by Lieut. Col. Hawker, 6th edition in 8vo enlarged and improved with 30 fine plates and wood cuts.

"Col. Hawker is one of the best shots in England, and his "Instructions to Sportsmen," the very best book we have on the subject."—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

☞ A few copies of this valuable work imported and for sale by Peabody & Co. 219 Broadway 2 doors from St. Paul's Church.

R. N. WHITE,

POCKET Book and Morocco Fancy Article Manufacturer, corner of William and Liberty Streets, New-York.

Miscellaneous.

CASTLE GARDEN.

H. MARSH, Proprietor of this celebrated and well known Summer Retreat, has the pleasure of informing his patrons and the public that it is now open for the season.

Since the close of the Garden, extensive and important alterations and improvements have been made, and it is now fitted up in a style of splendor and magnificence exceeding by far any other establishment of the kind in the city—the whole having been designed and executed by Messrs. F. Grain and Assistants.

The well known and justly celebrated Military Band, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as Leader, is re-engaged, and will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. every pleasant evening during the season.

Admittance 12 1-2 cents, for which refreshments will be furnished at the bar.

THATCHED COTTAGE GARDEN,
JERSEY CITY.

SAMUEL S. LYNCH, late of Castle Garden, respectfully informs the citizens of New-York and vicinity, that he has taken the entire management of this unrivalled place of resort for rural pleasure and health, and that he is now ready to receive company, and affords every comfort and convenience that can be found in any similar establishment in the Union.

Two superior boats, and the requisite apparatus for the pleasant and agreeable sport of fishing, are at all times in readiness for the accommodation of friends and patrons. June—tf

FRIENDSHIP TAVERN.

BY Mrs. Williams, 421-2 Bowery, New York. Harmonic Meetings, Tuesday an Saturday evenings.

WATERING PLACE.

No. 44 Bowery, 1st door south of the Theatre.

J. CAIN & CO. Proprietors of this establishment, respectfully inform their friends and the public, that they have fitted up the various apartments of their Hotel in a style of comfort and accommodation unsurpassed by any other similar establishment in the city, and that, in addition to the well known genuineness of their entertainments, both for strangers and residents, they have finished their Ten-pin Alley on a plan of superior commodiousness and beauty, where gentlemen of the most scrupulous morality may freely enjoy the healthiest and most invigorating exercise, apart from certain pernicious practices which are too common in houses of public entertainment.

The subscribers having established the rules of their Hotel on a footing of unexceptionable propriety and order, respectfully invite that liberal patronage which they will make it their constant endeavor to merit. J. CAIN & CO.

OCEAN HOUSE,

At Shrewsbury Inlet, near Long Branch.

CAPT. JAMES PENNOYER respectfully informs the Public that the above HOUSE, under the superintendence of MR. LAWRENCE STILLMAN, is now open for the Season.

This ESTABLISHMENT, being in the immediate vicinity of the OCEAN, offers rare inducements to persons desirous of enjoying the luxuries, during the Summer Months, of a *Sea Breeze*, and of *Sea* or *River Bathing*.

The new Steamboat DAVID BROWN leaves New-York from Fulton Market Wharf every day (except Thursday) for the above place, and lands passengers within Fifty Yards of the House. Persons leaving the city in the morning, can remain nearly six hours, and return by 6 o'clock, P. M.

BOATS, Fishing Tackle, Bait, &c. can be obtained at any time.

R. N. WHITE,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD
No. 7 THEATRE ALLEY,
NEW-YORK.

S. D. CHILDS,
ENGRAVER ON WOOD,
97 LIBERTY STREET,
NEW-YORK.

L. I. COHEN,

REFINED Black Lead Pencil and Everpoint Pencil manufacturer, and importer of Fancy Articles. 71 William-street New-York.

DR. I. FRANCIS,

SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York

REMOVAL.

JOHN BURDELL, DENTIST, has removed his office from 299 1-2 Broadway, to 303 corner of Duane and Broadway. ☞ Entrance in Duane street.

REMOVAL.

DR. S. BAKER & SON Dentists, have removed to 61 Bowery corner of Walker street, entrance in Walker St.

A CARD.

REAL Estate and City Registering office No 497 Pearl street. Office for supplying young and middle-aged men with situations, also for giving and receiving advice on any subject. Also for procuring partners, agents, clerks, or in fact any kind of help.

R. H. ELTON,

ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 137 DIVISION-ST. NEW-YORK.

A LARGE assortment of one, three, and six cent colored Toy Pictures, wholesale and retail. Fancy Prints, Stationary, Songs, &c.—A liberal discount made to venders. dec 10tf

PRIZE OFFICE,

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

Cholera Medicines

AS prescribed according to the report of the Edinburgh Medical Board of Health, on the mode of preventing and treating the Cholera—warranted Genuine to be had at 495 Pearl street where may be had any kind of Cholera medicines, warranted of the best quality.

LOST,

IN the afternoon of Friday the 13th inst. a RED MOROCCO WALLET, containing fifteen dollars, $10 on the United States Bank, and $5 on the Bank of New-York. The finder, by leaving it at this office, will be rewarded for his trouble.
July 14, 1832.

THE SERAPHINE,

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 PEARL-ST.

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and cresendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight key'd Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

Periodical Works.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.

A Repository of Polite Literature and the Fine Arts embellished with splendid Engravings on Steel, Copper, and Wood, and with Popular Music for the Pianoforte, Guitar &c.

G. P. MORRIS, T. S. FAY, N. P. WILLIS, Editors.

THE FIRST NUMBER of a *New Year* (Vol 10,) will be issued on the *seventh day of July next.*

From the commencement of this paper, our humble endeavors have been unceasingly exerted to elevate the character of American Periodical Literature, and we trust we have not been altogether unsuccessful.

Our columns have been, and will continue to be, principally filled with *original* matter."

Besides the writings of the Editors, we are honored with occasional contributions from a list of *nearly two hundred native Authors*, which embraces many of the most distinguished and highly gifted literary men of the land.

In addition to our *Foreign Correspondence*, important sources are open to us for selections.

LITERARY CONTENTS.—Among a variety of other subjects, the work is devoted to Critical Notices of new publications, the Arts and Sciences, Scientific Intelligence, The Fine Arts—Music, Poetry, and Painting, Original Tales and Essays, Foreign Correspondence—First Impressions of Europe, &c. Legends and Reminiscences of old times in New-York, The Little Genius—satirical, humorous, and pathetic American Scenery, Biography, Education, Character, Strictures on the Drama and other Amusements, Translations from the German, French and Spanish, occasional selections from late publications, Record of passing events, Original Miscellany, Anecdotes—historical, literary, humorous, etc. Varieties—etc. etc. etc. In short, every thing which can enhance the value of the paper, and render it agreeable, instructive, and interesting.

CONDITIONS.—The Mirror is published every Saturday, at the corner of Nassau and Ann streets. It is elegantly printed in the super-royal quarto form, on fine paper, with brevier and nonpareil type. It is embellished, once every three months, with a *splendid super-royal Engraving*, and every week with a popular piece of music, arranged for the Pianoforte, Harp, Guitar, &c. Fifty-two numbers complete a volume of four hundred and sixteen large pages; for which a beautifully *engraved vignette title page*, (painted by WEIR and engraved by DURAND,) and a copious *index* are furnished. The terms are *four dollars* per annum, payable, in all cases, *in advance*. It is forwarded by the earliest mails to subscribers residing out of the city of N. York. Communications, *post paid*, must be addressed to the Editors. No subscriptions received for a less period than one year.

Subscriptions received by PEABODY & Co. 219 Broadway.

THE MIRROR OF TASTE,
AND
WEDNESDAY MORNING
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

A Literary Paper, devoted to Science, Morality, Natural History, Agriculture, &c. &c. Price $2. per annum, payable in advance.

Francis G. Fish, New-York,
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PARTHENON

Reading Room and Circulating Library.

THE subscriber begs leave to call the attention of every class of readers to his Library. It being very extensive, and amply supplied with works in every department of Literature, it will be found to afford a cheap and easy method of access to all the most valuable books in the English language. The collection of Periodical publications is unequalled. A primary object, also, of the proprietor, will be to furnish the subscribers with a more immediate and regular supply of New Publications, than has hitherto been attainable, and for this purpose a large number of each will be secured, as they issue from the press.

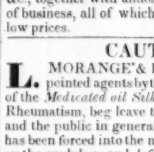
The connexion with the Library of an amply provided Literary Reading Room, offers great advantages; as for much less than the cost of one single London Journal or Review, nearly thirty British and ten to fifteen American periodicals besides Newspapers may be read. Both Library and Reading Room are kept open from an early hour in the Morning till ten at night. The room is furnished with the Morning and Evening papers of the city—papers from the principal cities and towns of the United States and Canada, and with a large collection of Foreign and American Periodicals. Duplicates of most of these are also taken, as soon as they are published, for the use of the Library.

CHARLES S. FRANCIS, Book-seller and Stationer, No. 252 Broadway.

POEM ON INTEMPERANCE,

MR. THOMAS'S Poem on Intemperance, in five cantos, is for sale at the bookstores of H. C. Sleight, Burnett & Smith, D. Appleton, and J. Seymour, New-York; and Bigelow & Worthington, Brooklyn.

Saddles, Harness, Trunks, &c.



J. B. CARTER 143 Bowery returns sincere thanks to a generous public and in particular to gentleman of the Turf, both in this and neighboring cities, for their liberal and increasing patronage. He has on hand and is constantly manufacturing, light pleasure harness of every description, Racing and Trotting Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Spurs &c., together with almost every article in his line of business, all of which will be sold at his usual low prices. June 23, 1832.

CAUTION.

L. MORANGE & DAVIS having been appointed agents by the proprietor for the sale of the *Medicated oil Silk* for the cure of gout, and Rheumatism, beg leave to acquaint their friends and the public in general, that a spurious article has been forced into the market, thereby imposing on the credulous and defrauding the proprietor of that compensation, to which 18 years labor for the public good so justly entitles him. They therefore give notice that each piece, or whatsoever smaller quantity, will be accompanied with a copy of the original certificate signed by the most eminent gentlemen of the faculty in this city, and bear the signature of the Subscribers—without which none is genuine. For sale wholesale and retail by L. MORANGE & DAVIS,
June 12, 1832. 105 William-street.

CANES.

WM MATTHEWS, manufacturer of WALKING CANES, in all its branches, at No. 2 Liberty-street.

N. B. Canes mounted on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice. 23tf

BEHEAN,

HAIR CUTTER AND DRESSER,
No. 411 BROADWAY, NEW-YORK.

A. COX, JR.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET,
ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. Cash given for cast-off clothes. jl1 4

HAIR-DRESSER.

ANTHONY BOUTETTE, Fashionable Hair Dresser and Perfumer, No. 44 CANAL ST. 4 doors east of Broadway. Keeps constantly on hand a general assortment of *Perfumery* which he offers on the lowest terms.

His improved composition for coloring the Hair to a beautiful Brown, is well worthy the notice of the Public.

N. B. Razors put in complete order at the shortest notice.

Miscellaneous.

LAW OFFICE.

W. H. MAXWELL, Attorney, Counsellor at law, Conveyancer and Commissioner resident in the city of New York) appointed for the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Georgia, Massachusets, New Hampshire, New York, &c. with authority to examine witnesses under Commissions emanating from the courts of said states—to take depositions, affidavits, the acknowledgement of deeds, powers of Attorney and *all instruments under seal to be used or recorded* in either of said states—Commissions to examine witnesses, transmitted to W. H. M. (with instructions) from any part of the United States promptly attended to—also bills, bonds and debts; in the city of New York collected. Office No. 70 Liberty street, four doors